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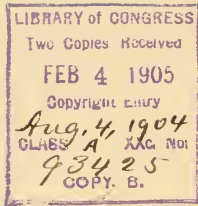


ESSAYS
ON
WORK AND LIFE.

BY
ARTHUR B. COOKE,
PROFESSOR IN WOFFORD COLLEGE.

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To
MY WIFE.
WHOSE LOVE AND SYMPATHY
HAVE BEEN A CONSTANT SOURCE OF INSPIRATION,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

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Introduction.

THE wise traveler, setting out through an undiscovered country, will not depend for the direction of his course upon the hazard of the way. He will first acquaint himself with those points which are accepted as fixed and unchangeable, the cardinal points of direction. Then, with compass in hand, he may safely enter the trackless wilderness, for his way is directed by those steadfast guides which preside alike over the traveled and the untraveled expanse.

But compass and guiding stars alone are not sufficient to insure a happy outcome of the journey. Preparation and provision are essential that the traveler may be sustained and strengthened upon the way. He cannot ignore the service of those upon whom he is turning his back.

And even with the most careful preparation the end is not assured. He must keep watch over himself from day to day, lest he overtax his strength and faint before the journey is done, or

else tarry too long by the wayside, and so miss the goal at last. He will not rush toward the end of the journey, but will move forward carefully, his course marked by bivouacs of the night and by camps of rest. He will take time to tarry by springs of refreshing. He will profit by the shade of the wayside. He will leave his pack by the roadway to make pleasant excursions aside. And yet he will be watchful not to linger too long in the pleasant places. Amid the diversions of the way he will not lose sight of the goal toward which he first set out, and the delays and deviations will but minister to the attainment of that goal.

Such a journey every one of us is making. The life which lies before us is an undiscovered country. We are pioneers. Yet we need not be discouraged; we have only to be wise travelers. There are cardinal points of direction which preside infallibly over the ways of life, points fixed for all time and all circumstances, north stars of principle and truth. Once we are acquainted with these points, and possessed of a compass which

responds to them unfalteringly, we may set out with confidence upon the untried way.

We may not, however, leave behind us the provision which has been laid up in store. For every one of us there has been brought together with great pains a selection of things that will stand us in stead in the days to come—these things we cannot afford to leave behind. A great man once said, when he had come to a barrier across his own way: “I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past.”

Setting out with all preparation, we must still be watchful every day, lest we squander our strength or fritter the time away. It is not best to set the face steadfastly toward the far-off goal. Especially upon this journey is it true that a straight line is not the shortest way. We shall progress with greatest surety by resting now and then; by turning aside for pleasant excursion into some attractive field; by searching out the springs that lie in secluded dells; by tarrying for a

season of recreation under the inviting shade. The way of the wise traveler is not an uninter-
rupted trail; it is marked by signs of bivouac and
camp and excursion. And yet there is a unity
of direction and a controlling purpose running
through all the days. The ultimate goal must
never be lost from sight, and all the diversions
of the way must serve but to bring us the more
surely to the end of the journey.

The goal of every life must be the realization
of its possibilities. This little book will have
served its aim if it help to bring any traveler
nearer to that goal.

I. Our Century.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change.
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay.

—*Tennyson.*

THE course of human progress is marked by epochs. Modern history records an epoch of Feudalism, an epoch of Renaissance, an epoch of Reformation, an epoch of Revolution. Each of these epochs had a distinctive character, and by virtue of that character made a distinctive contribution to the material and the spiritual life of men.

The Feudal Age was distinctly military, the Renaissance distinctly intellectual, the Reformation distinctly religious, the Revolution distinctly political. The Feudal Age gave to the world kings and constitutions on the material side, and on the spiritual side it gave to men a

deeper respect for order and authority. The Renaissance brought forth in the material world a splendid literature, and in men themselves it wrought largeness of vision and freedom of thought. The Reformation yielded in visible results a multitude of denominations, and in invisible results a broader tolerance in the human mind. The Revolution gave to the world a republican form of government as its material fruitage, and for spiritual results it wrought in men the self-reliance of democracy.

Not that these elements, material and spiritual, were brought into existence and rounded to completeness by the epochs out of which they came. There was a semblance of authority and government before the Feudal days. There was some breadth of intellectual horizon before the Renaissance. There were democratic ideas before the age of Revolution. But just as the world will ever be indebted to Whitney for the practical application of the cotton gin and to Fulton for the practical application of steam, however much was attempted before them along these lines, and however their inventions have been elaborated and improved—so the world must ever stand indebted to these several epochs

for the successful introduction of these elements into the life of the race.

But these epochs have made their contribution, and are passed away, leaving us their debtors and heirs. The laws and literatures, the creeds and constitutions, which they wrought out are ours; as are also the spiritual heritage of submission to authority, and breadth of view, and tolerance in creed, and self-reliance. These fields we may enrich by tillage; but the great struggles which won them for all time, and gave them for us to occupy in peace, have been fought. There will be no more eras of Feudalism nor Renaissance nor Reformation nor Revolution. The epoch in which the men of to-day are called to cast their lives is as different from them in its character as they are different from one another.

The young man who goes out into life eager for the strife may feel, as he looks back upon these historic years, that we are fallen upon a dull and uneventful age, that there is no great cause to which men may devote their lives to-day, that we must be content to enjoy the inheritance which has come to us. And, indeed, this is not an heroic age as heroic

ages usually go. There is nothing in it likely to provoke the great warrior or reformer or poet or statesman. A Luther, a Shakespeare, a Washington, would be out of place in these days of ours.

And, after all, it may be largely the magnifying mists of time that lend heroic mold to men and epochs. Perhaps those men and epochs, which look so large and admirable to our eyes, did not look so in their own day. There is evidence that Luther and Shakespeare and Washington all three looked upon their work as anything else than epoch-making. Shakespeare thought so lightly of his work that he did not take the trouble to collect it. If we may not, therefore, look for heroic causes and heroic men to-day, we may, nevertheless, be sure of this, that our epoch has as distinctive a character and is able to make as distinctive a contribution to the world as did any of the epochs that are gone.

What is the element of our epoch which distinguishes it from all others? That determined, we shall know the means by which we are to make our contribution. It is not one of religion nor literature nor politics; there is

nothing in those elements of our epoch which would distinguish us from other times. The spirit of the Puritan and of the Cavalier is with us still, as is also the spirit of Washington and of Jefferson; and our literature is but the outgrowth of English letters. When we compare our times with those of our forefathers, what is it in which they differ most?

It is preëminently our industrial life that distinguishes us. Nowhere in all history is there such another gap in the progress of industry as that which separates us from our fathers. Until a century ago men had moved along the same deliberate ways for a thousand years. They had done their work in much the same way from age to age. Jefferson voyaged to represent our nation at the court of Paris with hardly more advantages of travel than Columbus enjoyed when crossing the ocean three hundred years before. Washington made his presidential tours with no more amenities of the way than had the Roman general of old who set out in his chariot to cross the empire. Colonial trade was carried over sea by sail and over land by caravan, as trade was handled when Venice was queen of commerce. Mails

and messages were speeded on their way a century ago just as they were when David watched from the city walls for news of his wayward boy; and Washington's death was announced in Charleston two weeks and more after the "Father of His Country" breathed his last by the waters of the Potomac. Overland travelers of fifty years ago tarried in the wayside camp longer than it takes now to make the trip from sea to sea. Our grandmothers got materials for dress as did the fair women in those days when Lucretia was found at the distaff among her maidens.

With all the nation-building and constitution-framing of our fathers, their ways were wonderfully deliberate. Time was of small consideration. The tide of their business was stayed with the coming of night and of the seventh day. They seem, as we look back upon them, less akin to us than to that race of shepherds upon the hills of ancient Judea, who measured the flow of life by centuries, moving serenely down the stream of time, pausing at each seventh day and seventh year, consecrating every fiftieth year a season of jubilee and cessation from work.

The story of those departed years reads like a romance, so different were they from the age in which we live. The cycle of the sabbatical year is gone forever. In its stead we have a rushing age that threatens to fill with its resistless tide of energy every inlet of time, and sweep away the quiet havens where ships of life were wont to turn in to fit themselves for further voyage. The world has had its last year of jubilee; it has taken its last vacation. Even national days of rest seem no more for us. Proclamations may be sent forth at the falling of the year, but they carry no compelling force. The great heart of the nation beats scarcely one throb slower on that day. As individuals we may slip away from our posts when the strain has become too great for heart and head, but the world moves on. The murmur of its labor comes to us in the far retreats to which we have taken refuge.

The last hundred years have seen an unprecedented change in the world of work. A century ago the South was a quiet land of easy-going people. In 1792 Whitney invented the cotton gin, and the little patches of white that, till then, had clung about the cabin door spread

until they covered the Southland like snow. Not only did that invention call new armies of workmen to the plow and hoe, but it demanded, too, armies for mine and brickkiln, for furnace and factory, for railroad and ship. The very streams that had run in idleness were harnessed into the march of progress and made to turn a myriad spindles. The red hillsides were reared into factory walls at the call of the cotton gin, and the sleeping ore of the mountains was transformed into roaring machinery.

The current of industry flowed sluggishly through the plains of time, till George Stephenson gave to the world the self-moving engine in 1825. That invention revolutionized the industrial world and raised labor to the *n*th degree. It created fields of work for millions of men.

The iron horse and the electric flash are but symbols of the spirit of our epoch. Time has risen in value. Sun-dials and hour-glasses have long since given place to stop watches. We divide the seconds, and venture fortunes in a ship to break the record by thirty minutes. The boast of Puck that he would "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes" has

come to be a matter of fact in this century of ocean cables. The fancy of Jules Verne conceived a journey round the globe in eighty days. The Siberian railway will make it possible in thirty-three. The world is at our very doors. We review its acts of yesterday at our breakfast table, and go out to do business with it across a thousand miles of land and sea as calmly as our fathers went out to deal with their next-door neighbors. We live more in our three score years and ten of busy life than did the sluggish Methuselahs in their thousand years of dreaming beside their tents, for "we live in deeds, not years."

Industry has been transformed within the past century. Great mills have taken the place of the spinning wheel and loom that used to grace the shed room of grandfather's home. Far-reaching and complex systems of railroad have superseded the plodding caravan. Great cities stand where quiet villages once stood. Work is no longer individual, nor the worker independent. We are bound together by electric wires and bars of steel. There is a sympathetic dependence of labor throughout the land. The old loom might stop without caus-

ing derangement of the community; but the stopping of the cotton mill means the standstill of a million dollars and the idleness of a thousand workmen. The wagoner of other days might pitch his camp where night overtook him, and strike tent with the rising sun, serenely indifferent to the world at large; but the locomotive engineer cannot do so with his iron horse, for he is a vital part of a great system that stretches beyond the sunset, the interests of which are too urgent to take cognizance of day and night.

Such consuming intensity in the field of labor the world has never known before. The days have proven too short for the demands of industry, and the nights have been turned into day. The panting locomotive knows no night. The sleepless Cyclopean eye flashes through the darkness from city to city, and, as it rushes over the land, the red eyes of lighted factories blink at it from the wayside to say that there too the midnight toil is going on; while anon there flashes up on the black horizon the lurid glare of some furnace working through the night. Bound together by those throbbing arteries of work are the great, sleepless cities,

on whose streets the flood tide of morning overtakes the ebb tide of evening; for all night there goes up a murmur from the city, as it were the panting of some huge creature after the exertions of the day. Even the highways of the deep, but just now uncharted, are literally lighted by the signal stars of "ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing."

This is preëminently an industrial age. We are to cast our lives into an epoch of Common Work. And if this epoch has not the striking characteristics of some that are gone, it is nevertheless the greatest that has been opened to men, an age for which all others were a preparation. Turmoil and strife and upheaval, battle with pen or sword, may be marks of growth, but they are not marks of maturity. The age of struggle prepares for the age of peace. They are both essential, but the latter age is the period of fruition. It is as if a man had gone out and conquered the wilderness and subdued the savage, and then turned back to spend his days in the peaceful cultivation of his fields. The end of that man did not come with the end of thrilling struggle. No more

do the turbulent ages of the past close up the period of our progress.

This is not an heroic age in the sense that it is summed up in the persons of one or two great characters, but it is not lacking in heroic element. It demands the qualities of patience and judgment and action and sacrifice in every man who would take part in it. Every man may be a hero of this new age. And common work is the means by which we are to win these heroic qualities. We are to make our contribution to the world through the channel of plain industry. Whatever the man of to-day contributes to posterity and the life of the race must be contributed chiefly at his place of business. We are not called to *fight* for great ends and principles; we are called to *work* for them.

The contribution of our time, as of all other times, will be twofold. There will be a contribution to the material, and a contribution to the spiritual, life. To see what the material contribution will be, we have only to look about us. It will be in terms of manufacture and invention, in world-wide systems of trade, in universal commerce, in the elevation of labor to

a place of respect among men. But what will be the spiritual contribution of this age of industry to the life of man? This is a vital question, for in no other age has there been such danger that the spiritual contribution would be lost from sight in exaggeration of the material.

It is in the hope that the men who are casting their lives into this strenuous age of work may be persuaded to consider more carefully the spiritual side of labor, that the following pages are given so largely to the unseen influences of work.

II. A Story in Stones.

Man is a Tool-using animal; nowhere do we find him without Tools.—*Carlyle*.

IN the Ethnological Museum of Berlin is a collection of curious stones. To the casual eye they are not different from any collection that might be gathered from hillside or river. But they are more significant than the scattered fragments of nature's workshop. They were not quarried by the fingers of the frost. They are the result of purposeful force.

These stones are the tools and weapons which our forefathers broke out of the living rock and shaped by the wayside to serve their simple need. Gathered now from hill and valley where the rough hands let them fall, they are no longer merely stones, but history preserved in stone. For each one of them, as it lay upon the hillside, marked as surely the passing of a man that way as did the footprint on Robinson Crusoe's island shore. Every one of them represents work; and work, however crude, is an

unfailing mark of man. It has never been suggested that those stones might be the handiwork of some other creature that was wont to express its thought in material shape, so deep is the conviction that man is the only tool-using animal, the only worker, that ever inhabited the earth.

These stones represent what is known as the Rough Stone Age, the earliest known age of man. They form the first chapter of the story of our race. Short and simple is this earliest chapter as it has come down to us through the mute tradition of the earth. There is no preface or introduction; no account of whence came that life or how it fared or what its circumstance; no record of the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the victories and defeats that must have entered into that life. Only a broken stone here and there by the wayside, a potsherd, a mound of earth. Only a solitary Stonehenge standing up out of those ages of oblivion to witness a long past life, as the great trees of California stand the lingering survivors of a buried age of prodigal vitality.

How gladly we would restore the flesh to

those dry bones! We dig and delve to throw light upon the mist-veiled centuries. We treasure every vestige that gives coloring to the picture—every fragment of pottery, every inscription, every bit of wood or earth or stone or metal that bears the mark of man's hand. And we try with the aid of imagination to reconstruct the past out of these vestiges. We can hardly hope ever to know the full story of those buried ages. But what we do know suffices for the fixing of one great fact, the chief fact perhaps which it was intended we should know about them: through all the ages men have been expressing themselves in works of their hands. Nowhere in all the record do we find man other than a worker.

The existence of other creatures upon the earth has been established by their remains. A bone, a footprint, a fossil in the stone, are the only evidences that these creatures walked the earth or winged the air in the long-lost ages. The body of the mammoth caught and kept in the ice fields of Siberia, the bones of the mastodon embedded in the plains of America, are the only evidence we have that the earth was once trodden by herds of monster creatures. But

the early existence of man upon the globe is established only by the works of his hand. "That the mammoth was contemporary with prehistoric man is shown by the discovery of a drawing of the animal scratched on a piece of its own ivory found in a cave in France." Such has always been the report of searchers; the traces of man have been the traces of his hand. In vain has science searched for other evidence. In vain has she looked for the fossil of the missing link, the record of man in the book of geology. The fact still stands that the story of man consists not in "footprints on the sands of time" but in hand prints on the rocks of ages. The story is an autobiography, a story written by his own hand.

It is recorded, too, in the Book of Beginnings that the first law laid upon man was one of labor: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." There is no exception there, no condition of release, no time limit; but for every man of every time the law is given, and it is binding to the grave. As if to emphasize the permanency of the decree, it has been reaffirmed down the ages: "Six days shalt thou labor;"

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

Labor is coeval with man. Its manifestation has varied in intensity with time and place, but its principle has been unchanged. The multiform labor of our epoch of Common Work is only the flowering of a stock the roots of which run to the depths of humanity's life.

Work cannot be, then, an accident in the lives of men. It must be essential in some way to man as man. Why must we work? The law for the beast is: Thou shalt eat—a natural law, essential to the preservation of animal life. The law for man is: “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat”—the added law of labor. Is this added law too a natural one, essential to the preservation of a life in man which the beast does not possess? That question may well give us pause whose lives have fallen upon a century of work. We may well turn from the material side now and then, and ask ourselves: What is the connection between me and my work? The all-absorbing business of to-day, and our intense desire for visible results, may distract our attention from the effect which this doing and getting produces upon ourselves,

and cause us thereby to miss the true proportion between the seen and the unseen issues of our work.

As yet this century is in the hands of the worker to do with it as he will, but it will finally pass to be weighed by the deliberate judgment of posterity. And in those scales the issues will be accurately measured.

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass—
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
trice:

But all, the world's cold thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the
man's amount.

III. The Purpose of Work.

Work out your own salvation.—*Paul the Apostle.*

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts': God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.—*Browning.*

It has been said that the difference between man and brute is a thumb—that is, the ability to do work. Such an estimate would assign the highest creative power to work, making it the source of intellectual and moral being. It would make man a self-evolved prodigy. Humanity has never been willing to grant itself so altogether self-made.

But it may safely be said that work, taken in all its bearings, is the most potent element in life. It is the base, and upon it all other elements depend for their action. It is the one means given to man for the realization of himself. It is a lever in his hands to lift him up. It is the great character-builder. In a very real and practical sense every man must work out his own salvation.

If work is such an essential element of life, it must surely be a misconception to look upon it as a curse or a burden. It plays too important a part in man's life to justify the belief that it came into that life through the accident of disobedience, and was laid upon man as a punishment. The Book does not teach that doctrine. It does not tell us that man went forth from the garden of innocence under a curse in that dim morning of the world. The ground was cursed with thorns and thistles for his sake.

Whatever else the wonderful story of the forbidden fruit and the fall may mean, it does mean that man with his awakened moral sense could not partake in idleness of the fruits of the tree of life. Sent forth from the presence of the tree, and appointed to till the ground for his bread, he found in battle with the thorns and thistles, in the sweat of his face, his only way to the fruits of the real tree of life.

However far into the past critics may relegate that event, and however symbolic they may claim it to be, this revelation remains: that the moral nature, "to know good and evil," and work came into man's life together. Work is

as essential to our moral health as the results of work are to our physical health. Noble character was never fostered by idleness. On the other hand, faithful work in any sphere will always have an ennobling effect upon the workman. Though our tasks may sometimes be unwelcome, we may be sure that it is ourselves, and not the work, that make the burden. The pack saddle is a burden to the horse, under which he suffers; the hump is a vital part of the dromedary, from which he draws strength for the journey. Work was not arbitrarily laid upon us. It is a vital part of life.

That a man shall pay a tax upon his property is an arbitrary law. It is determined by circumstances. Its reason lies outside the man. It may be changed or abolished without affecting him. The penalty for its violation may be stayed. It is a requirement of the State and not of his nature. Not so with the law, Six days shalt thou labor. Its operation cannot be suspended. It cannot be annulled. The penalty for its violation cannot be stayed. It is a natural law of human life, and, like all natural laws, carries its penalty with it. The penalty for fasting is not imprisonment; it is starva-

tion. The penalty for touching fire is not a fine; it is pain. There is no penalty affixed to jumping from a precipice: gravitation metes out its own punishment. The violation of a natural law is inevitably followed by punishment. Such a law knows no time nor place nor person. It abides in the very nature of things. The law of gravitation operated upon Abraham just as it operates upon us. The law of labor is as valid to-day as it was on Sinai; for the writing on stone was but the utterance of an older statute written in the nature of man. No power can intercept the influence of our work upon us. Work or failure to work brings inevitable consequences.

Indolence is accompanied by degeneration. It is a law of life that the failure to use an organ means the loss of that organ. And that law is valid from the lowest to the highest forms of life. The dodder plant springs from the ground with organism like other plants. But no sooner does it lay hold of the clover and make it do the work of changing soil to sap than it loses its own root and becomes a parasite. There is an ant called the slave-maker. Once it is believed to have lived as

other ants do, but a propensity for making others do its work has changed it into a slaveholder. It ceased work, and has become so dependent upon its slaves that without them it will actually starve to death in the midst of plenty. It has lost the powers it would not use.

In higher spheres of life the presence of the serf has often wrought ruin to the master through the atrophy of his faculties. While the citizens of Greece and Rome worked they were strong. When they gave over their work to helots and slaves, they became effete. Indolence is more vitiating than ignorance, for it is more incompatible with life. It is decreed that the first state of every individual and of every people shall be one of ignorance, for it may be overcome by work. But there is no compensation that can balance the effect of indolence. The habitual idler will sink to the lowest depth. Men could not cease to work and continue to be men.

All the records of the past testify to the constancy with which effort and progress have gone hand in hand among the nations. Those peoples who have persistently put forth effort have not only wrought the largest material

results; they have also come to be the most significant peoples.

The Venus of Milo and the Alaskan totem pole are not merely two specimens of work: they are two measures of life. The Greek work stands not only for high attainment in art, but just as surely for high attainment in life. The nobility expressed in the statue was not wrought into the stone by some happy chance of the sculptor's chisel. Distinctive work is never the result of chance; before the workman can express noble qualities in his work, he must in some measure realize those qualities in himself. That for which the Greek statue stands had to be wrought into the life of the people before it could be chiseled in stone. Real work is always characteristic of the life out of which it came. The one reflects the other inevitably. It has been said that, if every other vestige of Greek life were lost, that life could be reconstructed in its essential features from the frieze of the Parthenon. The Venus of Milo stands to-day an irrefutable witness to the beauty and nobility of a life that is vanished. It is only by virtue of this law of reciprocal influence that we can learn anything

about the peoples of the past or predict anything of those to come.

But the qualities revealed to us through the work of the Greeks were not attained by that people at a stroke. They were won at the cost of centuries of toil, through generations of striving after high ideals. How many pieces of imperfect work mark the way that leads to the masterpiece! Behind Phidias there stretches a long line of unknown but faithful workers. We should no more expect a Venus of Milo out of Alaskan life of to-day than we should expect to gather figs of thistles. A work of beauty or of power cannot come out of a sordid and indolent life. If a man would bring forth the best fruits, he must be willing to give time to the culture of the tree of life itself; for in everything it is only the good tree that bears good fruit. Labor is the price of attainment.

Moreover the finest expressions of life do not come directly. The rose stock must grow for months, changing the soil to thorn and fiber and foliage before it can change that soil into the beauty of a rose. History shows this to be true of the life of men. They have

always won through common work the power which was afterwards to blossom forth in the forms of loveliness that we call art. The Greeks were not first a people of arts. They conquered the land with spear and plowshare before they began to cultivate the fields of sculpture and poesy. The Hebrews were herdsmen and tillers of the soil for ages before David and Solomon. The qualities that made their splendid history were won in other fields. The endurance of the Maccabees savors of making bricks without straw. The Romans were horny-handed sons of toil for centuries before they came to be world conquerors. Cincinnatus was called from the plow to the helm of state, and Lucretia was found by her unexpected visitors at the distaff with her maidens. Our own ancestors laid the foundation of Anglo-Saxon attainment with yeoman brawn, conquering sea and soil by sturdy might. The Drakes and Nelsons, the Shakespeares and Miltons, of later days were made possible by these unfamed, unlettered men who dared the dangers of the sea and made an inhospitable land their home.

The same mystery which weaves together the

warp of the physical and the woof of the spiritual seems to have made attainment in the higher spheres of work dependent upon accomplishment in the lower spheres. Common work is an apprenticeship which individuals and nations alike must serve if they would realize their highest possibilities. We cannot see how service at the plow and hoe and the common trades could flower into statesmanship and science and art. Nor can we see how the branch brings forth the blossom and the mellow fruit. But the one is just as sure as the other. We know that a Shakespeare among the Zulus is as impossible as the blossom without root. It is only by continued toil that those qualities are wrought into life which are afterwards to find expression in finer forms of work.

It has been charged against America that her people are lacking in a certain culture which marks the life of older countries, that they have produced no art nor literature, that they are essentially a commercial people. The charge is in a measure true. We are a business people. We get more done in the world of work than any other people. And we have not produced so permanent a literature and art as have

some of our sister nations. But there is no surer nor straighter way to the attainment of what as yet we lack than the road we are pursuing. If the people of America will continue with uprightness and purity of purpose their ways of common work, we may confidently predict for the nation a future rich in expression of the finest elements of life. Venice was mistress of commerce before she became the home of art. Florence was a mart of trade before she became the mother of Dante and Donatello. No people can work uprightly in any field without rising unconsciously to higher things.

But energy alone is not a guaranty of ultimate success. Material results may be an index of a people's thrift, but they are not an unfailing sign of national health and welfare. The family of Pharaohs under whom the Hebrews served wrought so greatly in their day that they won the name of the Builders. But for all their work, they did not give strength to Egyptian life, for with the next dynasty began the decline of Egypt's empire. Work done through the oppression or the corruption of a people is accomplished at too great

a cost, for it is done at the sacrifice of a nation's power. The strength of a people is not so surely measured by their industries as by their devotion to fidelity and uprightness in whatever work they perform.

We may build our great cities, our railroads, our factories and ships to-day, and the work itself will stand the test of time; but if we build them at the cost of corrupted manhood, if the work is accomplished in selfishness and deception and injustice, there will come a generation in our country whose right hand shall have lost its cunning. Corruption of the man will inevitably manifest itself in corruption of the work.

With all our material progress to-day, are not there already signs of disease in our national life? Whenever the workman is induced by imposed conditions to bend from his uprightness of character in the running of a train or the turning out of a bar of iron or ton of coal or bolt of cloth, he and the nation are worse for that day's work, however well the work itself is done. Every employer who sets his employees an example of dishonesty, or by restrictions tempts them to scamp their work,

is sowing the seeds of disease in a nation's life. Is not the multitude of unproclaimed imitations and adulterations that have found a place on our market enough to make us pause?

We who take part in this epoch of Common Work have before us perhaps the greatest opportunity and responsibility that were ever presented to one generation. "The sun never shone upon a race of civilized men," said the author of "The Workers," "whose responsibilities were greater and whose problems were more charged with the welfare of mankind, among whom energy and thrift and perseverance and ability were surer of their just rewards, and where there were so many and such various chances of successful and honorable career." It is our privilege to contribute to the world a stamp of common manhood such as, for sturdiness and fidelity and uprightness, has never yet been found among the masses of humanity. And every man who sets his hand to work in this great land of ours has the privilege of contributing his share of this gift to posterity. It devolves upon this new century, with its tremendous accomplishment in material things, to work into the great multi-

tude of men the high qualities of true manhood. The spiritual contribution of the new epoch must be in unadorned character. But whether that contribution will be made depends upon the spirit in which we do our work.

IV. The Reward of Work.

Man is the spirit he worked in: not what he did, but what he became.—*Carlyle*.

Work in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward: whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought: no matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—*Emerson*.

THE reward of work is invisible. When we were children at school the master used to set us copies on our slates. And when the task was done, he rubbed out all our work and set us another copy to do. A like fate befell whatever we did in those first schooldays. The problems solved were thrown away. The exercises were torn up. The lessons gotten were forgotten. We saw only the visible results; the teacher saw growing carefulness and perseverance and ambition in his pupils, and knew that the service of the task was done. It was

only the doing of these things that was worth while, for in it there came to us unconsciously a permanent and great accomplishment. School days are not for the sake of the task, but for the sake of the pupil.

And these days are the anteroom to life, with only a door between. The principles and processes of school continue through all our days. The world is a great schoolroom. The children there are older and the work is more serious, but the plan of instruction and the aim of the work are the same, and they have remained unchanged from the beginning. Through the ages classes of solemn-faced children have been taking their places in the great schoolroom to write their copies and solve their problems as best they could. But no sooner has the task been completed than the Master's hand has rubbed it out. Where is the work of those famous classes from Egypt and Athens and Rome, or of the countless less distinguished but faithful classes that have passed through the great schoolroom? No trace of it remains, except here and there a fragment of sum or sentence, a piece of tattered copy or a broken slate inscribed, which chance has left hidden

in some niche or covered in some unswept corner. Curious members of our class to-day have brought them to light, these fragments of scroll and potsherd and carved stone—just enough to show that those who passed before had their tasks and met them well or ill. All else is gone. The mystic lore of Egypt has vanished. The sculpture of the Greeks is crumbled back to earth, and their paintings have faded away. Rome's material greatness is buried in the ruins of the Palatine and the wreck of the Appian Way. The art and architecture of the past are but weather-beaten heaps of stone. And the more delicate handiwork that must have been woven in filigree about that ancient life has long since been swept away. The crumbling pyramids keep watch over Egypt's grave, and the Palatine Hill marks the resting place of Cæsar's splendor. The finger of time has touched it all, its service ended. Chronos swallows up his children as soon as they are brought to birth.

But the work of those centuries was not in vain, any more than the work of our school days is futile because our copy books are lost. The world never works in vain. It never loses

what it has won. The reward of work is invisible, and that reward is permanent. The visible results of work are only for those who produce them. Through the crumbling monuments of time there has come down to us a sure inheritance, swelled by every man that has put forth his hand to honest work in the long line of ancestry. And every child of to-day is veritably "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." Our lives are deeper and stronger and our possibilities are greater because every faithful worker of the ages won through the performance of his task something permanent, both for himself and for the race.

The reward of work is in the effort, not the accomplishment. In the dawn of history a voice came to a son of the East saying, "Get thee up from thy people and thy father's house, and go into a land that I will show thee;" and, obedient to the voice, Abraham rose from among his people and set his face toward the West. The followers of that first pioneer have held their course unflinching toward the setting sun. Through the land of Greek and Roman and the Western world the spirit of advance has striven till it has returned to the East by way

of the West, and the children of progress stand face to face to-day with the children of those whom Abraham left behind. The flood of time has swept back in the wake of that advance, and swallowed up from the way well-nigh every vestige of accomplishment. When we compare the child of the East and the child of the West as they meet in the Orient to-day, the measure of their difference is not in what they have but in what they are. The superiority of the Western life is an immaterial one, a superiority in thought and imagination and energy and ideal. And this superiority is the accumulated inheritance of centuries of struggle.

The greatest inheritance that can come to child or people is an inheritance of energy and high purpose. These given, all else is assured; these lacking, all else is vain. The pages of history present no more pathetic scene than Rome of the Decline sitting without energy or ideal in the midst of a vast empire which had been carved out and handed down to her. Helpless in her spiritual poverty and powerless to maintain her inheritance, she finally flung over her inmost walls the last treasures of her

ancient art in vain endeavor to stay the tide of her invaders. Unable to produce, she was also unable to preserve.

But this picture reduced may be seen in the child of to-day who, with his inheritance of material wealth, has failed of that spiritual inheritance which alone can make of the material a power, and who finally casts away the last treasures of his fathers in helpless extremity. It means infinitely more to give the power to strive than to bequeath material wealth, to give incentive than to present the prize. Lessing, the great reformer of Germany, said: "If the Good Father were to hold in his right hand Truth, and in his left the earnest striving after Truth, though with the necessity of forever erring; and should say to me, Choose! I should humbly bow to the left hand and say: Father, give."

This Heaven's evangel be,
Gospel God-given—
They fail, and they alone,
Who have not striven.

Work brings a sure reward, though it may result in apparent failure. Every tool works at both ends. At one end is the visible, at the

other the invisible, result. The hoe cultivates a crop of cotton and a crop of character. The foundry molds both metal and men. The college boy gets lessons and life. Work is always double. On one side it is material, on the other immaterial. On one side it is transient, on the other permanent. Our daily tasks, however insignificant they may seem on the one side, assume the noblest proportions when viewed from the other. Our modest work and the hero's sacrifice are one in the unseen realm—duty. Our two mites and our friend's great gift are the same on the other side—love. Our self-control when the day goes wrong and the apostle's endurance bear the same fruit of the spirit—patience. The laborers of the first hour and those of the eleventh receive the same recompense, for the measure of the unseen world is in kind, not quantity. And the results in the unseen world are sure, whatever be those in the seen.

And work is the only means by which these results in the unseen world can be secured. We cannot get them by dreaming or waiting. We must work them into ourselves or miss them forever. "Work," said Henry Drum-

mond, "is an incarnation of the unseen. In this loom man's soul is made. There is a subtle machinery behind it all, working while he is working, making or unmaking the unseen in him. Integrity, thoroughness, honesty, accuracy, conscientiousness, faithfulness, patience—these unseen things which complete a soul are woven into it in work. Apart from work, these things are not."

Work is the medium through which character passes. We cannot be gentle or unselfish except through work, for these qualities are cultivated only in the doing of something for another. The highest qualities come to us through the same medium. Faith comes to-day through the building of ships and the making of journeys, as it did in the days of Noah and Abraham. Love requires the same conditions that it did when the Master answered Peter's asseveration with, "Feed my sheep."

We never strike a blow at any task but it returns upon us like a boomerang. Every conscious act makes a record in our lives that is not measured by the visible results of the act, but by the intent and purpose which we put

into it. Whatever our efforts may be accomplishing in the eyes of the world, in us they are accomplishing the permanent results of honesty or dishonesty, faithfulness or unfaithfulness, selfishness or unselfishness, passion or patience. We are constantly building in the unseen. A man is cut off in the midst of his work, and men say, What a pity he could not finish it! The pity is not that the work was left unfinished—another can finish that—but that the man was left unfinished, which is beyond all help.

In a room where the writer used to spend the morning and evening hours of childhood hung a motto worked by a mother's hand—*Labor Has Sure Reward*. The child looked upon the motto superficially, and it seemed to be contradicted by what he saw about him. He saw the farmers face failure of the harvest after a summer's toil. He saw men miss the aim of their efforts. He saw hope disappointed and promise fail. Every day brought unrewarded labor. But afterwards he saw how these men had come out of their disappointments and failures stronger in endurance and courage and patience and faith. The truth of the motto was proved.

Labor has its sure reward. Let us only look in the right place, and we shall certainly find it.

As participants in an epoch of work it will be well for us to remember that there are two kinds of reward in work, a seen and an unseen, a transient and a permanent. They are not always compatible. Often in the great days that lie out before us we shall be called upon to make our choice between the two. We may receive the reward we covet most. If we are willing to sacrifice the inner reward for the outer—to build up fortune at the expense of character, to get gain by sharp practice—we may for a season win a measure of success. If we are willing to sacrifice material gain rather than compromise character, we may count upon a sure reward in terms of character. It may be said of men to-day as was said of old, Verily they have their reward.

And, finally, whatever contribution we shall make to the world as a nation will be measured not only in visible terms of railroads and mines and factories but also in invisible terms of character.

V. Liberty.

Liberty is the privilege of maturity, of self-control, of self-mastery, and a thoughtful care for righteous dealings.—*Woodrow Wilson*.

Liberty is the fullest opportunity for man to be and do the best that is possible for him.—*Phillips Brooks*.

LICENSE is not liberty. They are as far apart as the unbridled passion of the savage and the self-mastery of the cultured man. The one is abandonment. The other is restraint. When the French Revolutionists, under the name of liberty, gave themselves up to the excesses of the Reign of Terror, they furnished one of the greatest misnomers of history. They did not get liberty, but only a change of masters. They threw off the tyranny of kings to accept that of their prejudice and passions. And under the one bondage they were as far from liberty as under the other, for hatred and ignorance and viciousness bar the way to the liberty of manhood as surely as do the edicts of oppressive kings.

True liberty does not come by revolt and revolution, however essential these may sometimes be to prepare the way. It does not come through force of arms nor as a gift bestowed. Emancipation proclamations do not assure it, nor does it always come hand in hand with the gift of ballot and the crown of citizenship. The way to it is not closed by prison bars. These things are from without. Liberty is from within. It is not freedom from something, but into something. It is positive, not negative; active, not passive. It comes not with the loosing of shackles, but with the getting of strength.

It is this high ideal of liberty, the proper aim and end of all freedom, which the great preacher had before him when he said: "Liberty is the fullest opportunity for man to be and do the best that is possible for him." This liberty comes to a man only through the realization of himself in the highest possibilities of his nature. It is not won by stroke of sword or pen. It comes slowly and silently, without the sound of falling fetters. It is "the privilege of maturity," the ripened fruit of years, the result of unremitted struggle. It is the end

toward which every act should be directed, the fulfilling of ourselves. All else is accessory to this end—manumission, citizenship, possessions, knowledge. “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” Freedom is life’s consummation. Perfect liberty is perfect life.

Real liberty does not depend upon outer circumstance. Epictetus was a slave according to the Roman law, but he was free in all that makes for manhood. That could not be bound by law. “Me in chains?” said the frail old man. “You may fetter my leg, but my will not even Zeus himself can overpower.” The author of the Epistles to Timothy lying bound in the dungeon of the Mamertine prison was freer than the Cæsar who lorded it over Rome; for the fetters of the one were iron bands, which a stroke of the chisel could break; but the fetters of the other were bonds of habit forged about his soul.

The difference between men is not in position. Two men may work together, with the same opportunities, the same circumstances; and yet the one be free and the other bond. The one man will see in the flowers at his feet a world

of beauty and in the sky overhead a world of splendor. Nature will appeal to him with a thousand voices. And every man who passes by the way will be to him a member of the great human brotherhood. His world is as broad as humanity, as high as the heavens, as deep as the earth. Thought and imagination have given him all ages and places for habitation. Time and space are his dominion. The other man is bound to the hillside which he tills, if not as literally as the serf, yet as really—bound by the fetters of his incompleteness. He knows nothing of the worlds the liberty of which his neighbor enjoys. For him they do not exist. He sees nothing of the world about him, neither its wonders nor its beauties:

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him.

There is no feeling of brotherhood which opens the world of humanity to him. The powers of admiration and thought and imagination and sympathy and reverence are bound in that man. He has missed the larger liberty which the possession of those powers brings. His interest is exhausted in the petty concerns

of his routine work. His life is bounded by the day and the hillside.

One of these men is free, not by virtue of any citizenship but because he has realized himself; the other is bound, because he has not. And no outer circumstance can materially affect the freedom of the one or the bondage of the other. The bondman would be bond, were he to wear a crown. The plant is free when it breaks from the clod and sends out its branches and puts forth its leaves and fulfills its nature. We are free when we put forth our branches of life and unfold our powers and fulfill ourselves.

Seek'st thou the Highest, the Greatest? The
flower can show thee the way.
What it unwittingly does, do thou it wittingly.

Leaf by leaf and branch by branch the unfolding of life takes place. Step by step we win our liberty as the horizon of life is broadened to embrace new worlds. There is first the realm of the physical, into the freedom of which we come as the powers of the body are developed. The child can know little of the freedom of the world that lies beyond its

mother's door. But with the growth of its bodily powers it passes into the larger liberty of the boy's world, and then into that of exultant youth, and then into the freedom of manhood's full strength. Only when he has come into conscious mastery of the world about him can he sing:

O our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels
waste,

Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew
unbraced.

O the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock
up to rock,

The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree,
the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt
of the bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in
his lair.

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How good is man's life, the mere living! How
fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses forever
in joy!

Only he who has felt this surging flood tide of energy, who has experienced the wild joys of living, the delight in danger, the confidence of conscious power—only he knows what the freedom of the body means. It is the youth

impatient for the fray; the athlete sure of the prize; the soldier fearless in battle; the workman confident in his muscled strength. It is the man standing up in the full realization of his physical powers.

But the man who lives content with such freedom fails of the real liberty of manhood; that is more than the triumph of bone and sinew. Life is a many-storied palace, the chambers of which are more spacious and beautiful as we ascend. One who is content with physical attainment spends his days in the basement of the palace, and never knows the delights of the upper chambers. Something more than strength of body constitutes the high liberty of manhood. Caliban with all his brute strength fell down in terror before the spirits of the air, while gentle Prospero commanded them to do his bidding. History is but the story of man's advance from the slavery of Caliban to the liberty of Prospero. It is a story of superstition giving place to knowledge, of liberation into a broader life; it is a story of imagination and thought set free. It shows us man's gradual realization of himself, his

ascent from chamber to chamber in the palace of life, the conquest of his liberty.

And just in proportion as each man realizes these highest endowments of life he is free. It is intellectual and spiritual liberty, not physical unrestraint, that makes the man. Until we have felt the thrill that comes of intellectual mastery and spiritual emancipation, until we can endure and be patient alike in the petty vexations and the crucial trials of life, until we know what is really meant by, "Thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands"—even over ourselves, for he who can restrain a power is greater than he who has it—until we have realized these things in our lives we have not won the highest liberty.

To such liberty no bounds or limits can be set. It is like the light of a sun bursting out all sides, revealing world after world in the infinite depths of space. The sky hangs low over childhood's head, and the hills are the confines of the world. But there comes a time when the expanding life breaks away over the low hills to the great world beyond, and rises through the low-hung sky to the universe of stars.

And in the conquest of these realms there

comes to the man a revelation greater than all these, a revelation of his relation to this larger world. He looks upon it no longer in the ignorance of childhood nor with the terror of a Caliban, but with the calmness of one who realizes within himself a power that can compass and measure and comprehend it all. And with this realization of his own high endowments comes a new revelation of the essential dignity and the possibilities of every human life, calling forth his sympathies and opening to him a greater world of brotherly love.

Such a man, in the full possession of his powers, realizing his true relationship to the world about him and to his fellow-man, presiding over the course of life with calm and sure mastery—such a man, and not the freedman nor the revolutionist, has won true liberty. He has entered the upper chambers of the palace of life, and from his high vantage ground looks out upon worlds not seen from below.

But the palace of life is an ancient palace. There are no elevators there. If we would reach the upper stories, we must toil up the tedious stairway.

He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.

Work is the great emancipator. It alone can break the fetters from body and mind. It alone can give strength for weakness and knowledge for ignorance. Nothing else can set men free. Circumstance and inheritance may make the labor of liberation lighter, but they cannot avail alone. The apprentice can never become a master by watching the master work. The son can never be wise through inheritance of his father's wisdom. No man can enjoy anything till he himself has paid the price. And the price of liberty is toil. We are not born free, but with power to become free; and that power lies in work.

"There is no real freedom," declares Mr. Hamilton Mabie, "save that which is based upon discipline. The chance to do as one pleases is not liberty, as so many people imagine; liberty involves knowledge, self-mastery, capacity for exertion, power of resistance."

Discipline does not limit our powers, but merely directs them in right channels. The wild grape of the thicket runs over the ground or clambers upon its neighbors at haphazard,

putting out shoots on all sides. The fruit of that vine is wild grapes. The gardener takes the same vine and, putting it in a fair place, cuts away the shoots and prunes the vine from season to season, training it up into the sun. And the fruit of that vine is the grapes of the garden. The life of the vine has not been limited by discipline. Its vitality is not impaired by pruning, but directed. If we would have our lives bear the fruit of the garden, we must submit to the pruning and training.

VI. Drudgery.

He is a wise youth, to be sure, who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one, manfully accept the other.—*Louis Stevenson.*

DRUDGERY is the foundation of every worthy life, and the greater the life the deeper the foundation. He who would build worthily must be willing to spend first much time and pains upon work that the world will never see. He must be willing to lay deep and firm the hidden foundations of his life; and this must ever be largely uninspiring work.

He would be a poor builder who, looking upon the splendid pile that seemed to spring from the earth, did not know that beneath the architecture and the sculpture and beneath the pleasant sward there was a rough but carefully laid foundation. And yet there is many a would-be young builder of life who does not realize that the great lives upon which he looks with admiring eye rest upon foundations of un-

inspiring work sunk deep out of sight. Too late in life he learns that a building without foundations cannot stand.

The highest callings are not without this foundation. The successful banker and lawyer, author and artist, can no more escape the uninviting work of routine and detail than can the successful farmer and clerk and bookkeeper. There is no profession so exalted as to be above common toil. No man is so great but his day's work partakes of drudgery. Charcoal is, of all substances, most closely related to diamond. And drudgery is the twin sister of inspiration. The man of genius must walk the common ways of men before he can soar aloft.

Unless we recognize this primal element of success, the work of a master may be our despair instead of our inspiration. We watch him at work, and his hand moves with consummate ease; the material takes form under his touch as if by a spell of magic, till we are persuaded that "Genius is the ability to do with ease what others cannot do at all." But we are looking at the superstructure of the master's life, and have forgotten the unseen foundations. He does work with ease, but it is the ease that

comes of great toil. Before the Madonna of Raphael we see only the beauty of a finished work, but the leaves of the master's sketch-book tell the story of the hidden labor, the hundred heads and hands that the artist drew before he put his brush to canvas. The Moses of Michael Angelo seems to have grown into its majestic form, so natural are the lines and limbs. No suggestion there of the tedious years which the sculptor had spent in the study of anatomy.

The Latin proverb says: "The poet is born, not made." Yet no man ever became a great poet who did not pay for that realization the price of painstaking toil. Tennyson might say that certain musical groupings of sound in his poems had been made unconsciously; but that unconsciousness grew out of years of study in the technique of his art. The novels of Balzac flow with matchless ease and grace of diction, yet the author testifies that "there is not a phrase, not a thought, that has not been considered and reconsidered, read and reread." Dr. Nicoll testifies of Henry Drummond's works: "I have never seen manuscripts so carefully revised as his. All he did was apparently

done with ease, but there was immense labor behind it." And Robert Louis Stevenson says of his own attainments: "I imagine nobody ever had such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in and day out; and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." Edmund Burke revised one of his speeches thirteen times before he would give it to the public.

The workshop of the master is usually closed to the world; but could we look in upon him at his work, we might discover the secret of his success, and learn to say with Carlyle that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." The chips of the workshop would be some measure of the price which the workman pays for excellence; but because the chips are hidden and we see only the finished work, we are inclined to think that excellence is attained without effort. The story is told of Michael Angelo that a visitor, returning after the lapse of some time to the shop where the sculptor was at work upon a statue, expressed surprise at the slow progress of the work, and

asked the artist what he had been doing meantime. "I have removed a shade of thickness from the lip," said the workman; "I have brought out this vein and softened that line a little." "But those are mere trifles," said the visitor. "Yes," answered the sculptor; "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

It cannot be denied that the workman is sometimes caught up, as it were, on the wings of inspiration, and gifted for the time with a power which seems more than human. The biographer of this same Michael Angelo tells us that he would "strike more chips from the hardest marble in a quarter of an hour than would be carried off by three young stone-cutters in three or four times as long: at one blow he would strike off morsels of three or four inches, yet with such exactitude was each stroke given that a mere atom more would sometimes have spoiled the whole work." The artist Rubens could throw his colors upon canvas with such speed as to work out in a single morning the main features of a painting. But this power was not always the possession of Angelo and Rubens. It was the mark of the

finished artist, the result of great labor and painstaking, the slow-ripening fruit of years.

Such feats of accomplishment catch our attention, and we overlook the preparation which alone made them possible, as we gaze in admiration upon a splendid bridge that spans the river at a leap, forgetting the earth approaches that support the span. No man ever accomplished a great work whose moments of inspiration did not spring from hours of uninspired labor. It is recorded of Dr. John A. Broadus, the celebrated preacher, that "he cultivated a great power of application, and grew to have a great ability to work. The wonderful result of this steady, methodical industry was that in after years he could do unheard-of things in the briefest time. If genius is the ability and willingness to do hard work, he was a genius."

The men "whose deeds fill history's pages" would bear us witness that the excellence to which they attained came by no breath from heaven, but by unremitted toil. There is no other way to the goal, no passport to the favored, no royal road. There are different endowments of energy and judgment and will

in men, and different degrees of attainment; but the man of ten talents and the man of two must pass the same way, the highway of common toil.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Now we can hardly believe with Sir Joshua Reynolds that any man may become whatever he wills to become. We cannot all hope to be great even with the most strenuous and continued effort. Yet the lives of great men may give help and encouragement to inconspicuous and uneventful lives. They may bring us to perform with more diligence the everyday tasks of a humble career. They may press in upon us the fundamental principle that no man can make the most of his life without great and continuous effort. And this principle once incorporated into a life, no limit to its attainment can be safely predicted.

Moreover, the world does not stand in great need of genius. A Homer, a Shakespeare, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, every three or four centuries seems to supply the need. But the world

does stand in daily need of plain men to perform the plain work of life; men who are willing to do with their might whatever needs to be done; men like Edmund Burke, who, if they were shoeblacks, would be the best in the kingdom; men who prefer excellence in small things to failure in great. The world's work is a manifold, great work, and it has to be done from day to day by dint of persistent toil. The night is not lighted by meteor flashes, but by the steady shining of a myriad stars.

It may happen that our lives shall consist almost entirely of drudgery, that we shall be called upon to spend our days in laying foundations, with no hope of seeing the completed structure. Worthy is the workman who has realized the essential dignity of all faithful work, and who, if need be, cheerfully casts his life from day to day into the foundation of a building which others shall enjoy. Blessed are the fathers and mothers all over our land who are toiling in modest homes with no thought of the world's applause nor even of a crown of wild olive, but whose single aim is that their sons and daughters may have a foundation of fine character on which to build

their lives. The undistinguished mothers of distinguished sons have done no less for the world than their children. Margaret Ogilvy knew the honor that is due to forgotten founders when, with winsome Scotch accent, she said: "I would have liked fine to be that Gladstone's mother." The generation which, without being notable itself, makes possible a noted generation has done the world a great service.

And, finally, drudgery is the foundation of success in the invisible world. Life has a marvelous transforming power. The rose transforms the clod into fragrance. The lily changes the mud of the marshes into purity. Men may turn the drudgery of their days into the graces of noble life. It is not the doing of pleasant things that will make us true and strong; the deep life is always strenuous, always a fight, an overcoming. The body is made strong by struggle. The mind is enlarged by learning. Richness and strength of character come not in the hours of mastery but in the hours of strife. We cannot learn patience except when tempted to impatience, nor perseverance except in the face of despair, nor courage except where cowardice lurks.

Drudgery is the drillmaster that keeps our uniforms neat and our accouterments in order.

Happy are the toilers who can pray with Robert Louis Stevenson: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen."

VII. The Dignity of Work.

All work, if it is nobly done, is about alike; really so—one has no reward out of it except even that same. The spirit it was done in—that is blessed or that is cursed—that is all.—*Carlyle*.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

—*Pope*.

It is said the Emperor of China used to plow a furrow in the field every year in order to dignify agriculture and make the tilling of the soil more honorable in the eyes of his people. And the tradition has come down to our day that some callings are more honorable than others. The financier is more highly esteemed than the farmer; the architect, than the mason. This discrimination comes from a wrong notion as to where honor lies.

Honor is not inherent in any kind of work. It is not a quality of any occupation. Labor may be difficult or easy, it may be skilled or unskilled; but it cannot in itself be either honorable or dishonorable. These qualities

enter into it with the touch of a human hand. Honor is a quality of man, and the spirit in which he does his work is the soil in which honor grows. Work is but the medium through which each workman, skilled or unskilled, cultivates that quality in himself; and it may be won as well in the performance of common tasks as in the highest reaches of skill. It can come through the splitting of rails as well as through the making of laws. It is not peculiar to any field. There are honorable and dishonorable men in every calling—honorable ditchers and dishonorable rulers.

No occupation can rightly bring the workman into disrepute. There is no dishonor in being a chimney sweep. We must know how the individual sweep does his work before we can know whether he is honorable or dishonorable. It is in the man, not in the occupation, that we must seek that quality. Whatever shadow lies upon any kind of labor is a shadow cast by the laborer. A villain was once simply a farm laborer; to-day a villain may be anything from a plowman to a preacher. The word once indicated a kind of worker; it now indicates a kind of man. The man brought

disrepute upon the work, but like a boomerang the disrepute returned to rest on him. The work of the laborer was not unworthy in itself—Cincinnatus and Tolstoi count the stain of the soil no dishonor on their hands—but the laborer came to do his task so unworthily that at last his stooping shadow fell upon the work, and the world began to call it menial.

We have unfortunately come to associate honor with skill, and to look upon those occupations as most honorable which demand the greatest skill in their pursuit, as we are inclined to rank the man by that which he possesses—how much is he worth?—our very speech betraying us. But honor is not at all dependent upon talent. It is not rooted in reputation, but in character; and, since every man is maker of his character, honor is equally possible to all. The number of skilled workmen must always be comparatively small, but the number of honorable workmen may be and ought to be as great as the number of workers. “No man,” said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, “is bound to be rich or great or wise, but every man is bound to be honest.”

The world rightly sets a higher money value upon some kinds of work than upon others. It is but just that the physician who has devoted time and money to preparation should receive a larger return in money for his day's work than does the woodman whose work demands no preparation. Skilled labor will always command higher wages than unskilled, on the just ground that the larger the investment the larger the returns. But whether the skilled physician should be esteemed by his fellow-men more honorable than the woodman ought to depend not upon skill or profession but upon the way in which each does his appointed work. The spirit of the work is the measure of honor. The locksmith is honorable, the burglar dishonorable: the difference is in the spirit in which the work is done. The sloven is dishonorable, the careful man honorable, in every field of labor. "The man who scamps his work," said Dr. James Stalker, "degrades himself." And here again our words may give us pause, for a scamp is not one who does his task poorly, but "a worthless fellow, a villain." The man who scamps his work becomes at last a scamp.

It is worth noting that great men have not made this false distinction between kinds of work, but have turned freely from one kind to another, as if to teach their followers that all faithful work is honorable. Peter the Great esteemed it no less honorable to have served his apprenticeship at shipbuilding than at nation-building. One of the famous Dutch admirals was seen, the day after a victory, feeding his chickens. Mahomet was a camel driver on the desert, and his followers "record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes and patch his own cloak." Martin Luther continued to mend clocks in case of need. Paul, the lawyer, scholar, and apostle, did not hesitate to win his bread openly by tent-making rather than receive it at the hands of others. The Man of Galilee did not consider the making of plows and yokes incompatible with his mission as Saviour of the world, and one of his last acts was to teach men that the greatest honor may come through the washing of another's feet. All work is God-given, and therefore has divine possibilities. Yet there are men and women with such false notions of life as to look down with contempt upon those who serve in

the great army of workers, forgetting that whatever is worthiest in themselves was won by sires who wrought in the ranks.

Great mischief is done by the notion that one vocation is noble and another ignoble, that honor lies in the position and not in the man. Contempt is fostered on one side, discontent on the other, and corruption of manhood everywhere. The bribery and subornation so rife in our country to-day could spring only from a society that set position above manhood. No more stinging rebuke can be administered to the false notions and standards prevalent among our people than the silent rebuke of George Washington, the ex-commander and President, devoting himself with all diligence to building fences and planting tobacco, entertaining at the same time in his country home the representatives of nations, who came to do him honor.

The man who looks down upon another because of his occupation is himself unworthy the esteem of his fellows. The politician and office seeker may cover under a cloak of cordial greeting the contempt which he feels for the laborer by the wayside; the statesman sees in

the rough, honest man a peer, whose horny, toil-stained hand he counts it a privilege to shake. On the other hand, the laborer who writhes under plain work as under a degradation has an equally false notion of honor. Until he recognizes that the faithful performance of his humble work is as honorable as the work of a statesman, he is unfit for the higher position to which he aspires, and would carry into it only abuse. His discontent would give place to contempt for those below him. Only a good servant makes a good master, for success in either relationship depends upon unerring insight into the underlying principles of work, and the recognition of the essential dignity of all work faithfully performed.

Nature seems to have entered into subtle league with herself, as it were, to compel a recognition of universal equality in the republic of labor. The best life of man and nation is the result of a mingling of hand and head work. The fable of Antæus the wrestler, who remained invincible so long as he kept in contact with the earth, finds its realization in every life. No people can devote their energies exclusively to higher spheres of accomplishment and con-

tinue vigorous long. When the Greek citizens began to look upon common work as fit only for helots, Greece began to wane. When the French nobility lost touch with their peasants, the Revolution was inevitable. Common work is the great sympathetic bond which makes of the many members of a nation one vital, responsive body. Let that bond be severed, and paralysis or convulsion follows. The man who cultivates the fields of thought alone will find at last his work turning insipid and his life stagnant. Longfellow found his languid faculties quickened by work in his garden.

Moreover, a recognition of the real nature of work will bring to us a new spice of joy and contentment in our work, whatever be our sphere, a satisfaction which no attainment without that recognition can ever bring. There is no dishonor in any kind of work; but great honor may come out of our common tasks, if only they be done faithfully and in uprightness of purpose. They may not seem to fill so large a place in the world as some other kinds of work, but who shall set himself to judge between the great and the small? Conspicuousness and importance are not always propor-

tioned in the world. The zephyr that kisses our cheek may seem of small importance among the forces of nature, but without it there would be no life on the earth; the clouds would not rise, nor the rains fall, nor the grass grow, nor man be fed.

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all;
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

VIII. Society.

The solitary animal must die, and can leave no successor. Unsociableness is, therefore, banished out of the world.—*Henry Drummond*.

A man can only reach his highest development and employ his powers to the fullest extent in society.—*Benjamin Kidd*.

NATURE frowns upon self-sufficiency even in the lowliest of her children. The flowers of the wayside would perish from their places but for the pollen which wind and insect carry from blossom to blossom. The single stalk of corn cannot bear grain of itself, nor the solitary palm bring forth its fruit, nor the lone fig tree yield a harvest.

In a courtyard of Paris there once grew a single date palm. Year after year it blossomed, but the blossoms always fell away and left the palm tree barren. But one year the dates succeeded the bloom, and in due season the tree bore a harvest of fruit, in apparent violation of nature's law. There was afterwards found

across the city a male date palm, and the mystery was explained. The winds had carried the pollen and married the male and the female trees.

From time immemorial the people of Eastern countries have broken the branches of the wild fig at flowering time and brought them to wave over the trees of the garden. It became a festal occasion, when the people marched in procession to the hills and brought back the flowering branches to wave with invocation over the cultivated trees. They knew that without this the harvest would fail, but they attributed the increase to the invocation. We know that the wild fig is the male and the cultivated the female, and that the waving of the branches is but the celebration of nature's marriage.

There is no such thing in the plan of life as the single self-sufficient creature. The lone wolf seeks his mate in due season, and the king of the desert is but half a king.

The law of inter-dependence is no less absolute in the spiritual than in the physical world. "No man liveth unto himself." Our spiritual life is quickened into fruitage only by touch

with other life. Whoso keepeth his life shall lose it, said the Master of life, but whoso giveth his life shall save it. And he was not speaking as a scribe, but as one who had come that men might have life and have it more abundantly. For centuries after those words were spoken men tried to save their lives by keeping them, by hoarding them in convent cell or hermit's cave. But time proved the endeavor vain. Life will not flourish under such conditions. They are as fatal to it as dim cellars are to flowers. The recluse, be he monk or hermit or modern misanthrope, will always be lacking in the elements of life. Like fruit grown without sunshine, the freshness and flavor will fail. These qualities of life are found only in the sunny fields of companionship. The isolated human being will lose his humanity. To live alone, said an ancient sage, one must be either a god or a brute.

The fruits of life, said the apostle, are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Now it is remarkable that not one of this cluster of fruits can be grown in the soil of solitary life. Not one of them will mature in a hermit's cave.

Not one of them is self-centered. We can love only persons. We can have faith only in people. Gentleness and goodness and patience are cultivated only through contact with our fellows. Joy and peace come not through selfishness, but through self-forgetfulness. Our affections are not reflexive; they require an object. Like the electric current, they become real only in passing out. Sympathy and forbearance and all the fine qualities of life exist only as they go out to others. And they grow through exercise.

The little things of life are lessened by giving. The more money a man gives the less he has. The great things of life are multiplied. The more love and tenderness and faith we bestow the more we have. "Your life will not be complete till you have children and lose one," said a mother who had loved and lost. Our own joy and peace depend upon our giving them to others. If the child would find these elements in life, let him bring them first to father and mother. The very condition of life is that we give it to others; on no other condition can we get it or keep it. We are social beings by our nature. We need to be touched by the pollen of

other lives before we can bring forth our proper fruit.

Business life offers opportunity, not to be found in secret, for the development of certain cardinal qualities. Here mind is opposed to mind in the practical affairs of the day. Judgment, decision, alertness, the sterner qualities that give poise and firmness to the man, as the bones do to the body, are called into action through our business intercourse. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the face of his friend." One may learn theories in the closet, but they have no force till they are put into practice in the world. "Talent," said Goethe, "is developed in secret, but character in the stream of life."

The manifold phases of modern life offer the most varied opportunity for bringing out by the cross-fertilization of contact the best that is in us. There is scarcely an hour of the day when we are not thrown in touch with our fellows in some relation. It may be in the marts of trade, on the street, in the home, in travel, in recreation. In every such contact there is a giving and taking. We cannot avoid it any more than the stars can stay their influences.

Such a position demands the greatest care and judgment. Opportunities look two ways, up and down. There can be no high mountains without deep valleys. The sensitized plate must be handled with greatest care, its very excellence putting it in jeopardy every hour.

Sensibility and individuality are measures each of the other in the world of humanity. He who is most sensible to his surroundings is most individual. It is not surroundings, but capacity to be touched by them, which make the man. It was Wordsworth's sensibility to nature that made him her poet. It was Beethoven's sensibility to sound that distinguished him. It was Drummond's sensibility to the manifold phases of human nature that made him one of the most magnetic of men. It was Phillips Brooks's sensibility to the cares and sorrows of men that won to him the Wall Street broker and the sorrow-laden woman. It is our sensibility to the world about us that measures our life. We are bathed in the same influences that flowed about the lives of these men. The difference lies in responsiveness to their touch.

We step out into the current of life, and its influences surge about us. They may make us more sensitive or more callous. We may be so quickened by contact with others that every new touch will bring us into larger knowledge and broader sympathy, till we cannot pass through the street without feeling in sympathetic fellowship with the varied world of humanity about us. We can have compassion upon the beggar and bootblack, we can have sympathy with the banker, in those things that make up their real lives. And so through the wonderful possibilities of responsiveness we may become all things to all men—not as hypocrites, but as having a life broad enough to embrace and appreciate the lives of others. We are like the vine—we extend the compass of our lives by tendrils.

But these same influences may produce in us a fatal callousness. Early risers have noticed that if they did not get up in response to the alarm it soon failed to rouse them. Things that should stir us may by abuse lull us to deeper lethargy. The failure to act in response to the appeal of influences about us will set to work a paralysis of our sensibilities, and we may be-

come utterly callous to the impress of the world about us. We shall then pass men as we do posts. We shall bargain with them in the market without a touch of the human in our dealing. We shall travel with them and not be awakened to one new view of humanity. We shall be shut up within ourselves and left, like the ant that has lost its antennæ, without the means of communicating with those we pass upon the way.

The sense of social touch in man, like the sense of feeling in the body, is the faculty by which we distinguish ourselves from everything in the world; and by it alone can we realize our individuality. The loss of the one means physical paralysis; of the other, spiritual helplessness. There lurks in our intense modern life the danger of losing this fine faculty of touch. No danger that any one of us shall be lost *from* society—the monastic system is passed—but we may be lost *in* society, which is worse, perhaps. It is of vital importance, then, that we guard and guide our relation to our fellows. Association should make us stronger, not weaker. When it fails of that result, it has become abuse.

This loss may come to different persons in different ways. To the young man, especially of the city, it is likely to come through the multiplied diversions that beset his way; for it is the leisure hour as much as the business hour that moulds a young man's life. The evening invites him to the theater; the holiday, to the field of sport; Sunday, to the excursion. Inclination and attraction carry him with the crowd. He finds self poor company, because he never takes the time away from business and the crowd to get acquainted with himself. He never retires to the dark room to develop the impressions taken during the day, but keeps the sensitive plate of his nature constantly exposed, till it at last has lost the power to respond. He creates an abnormal appetite for entertainment, an appetite which grows with the gratification of it, and which leads him to shun more and more his neglected self. Instead of making fellowship the means to greater individuality through the healthy exercise of his social being, he makes it a means to dependence. His sympathies, his appreciations, his fine sensibility, languish for lack of nurture. His final state is that of figurehead among men, of a

parasite upon society. A French writer, speaking of the English as compared with his own people, attributed the success of the former to the training of the English boy "to find his strength within himself." We cannot be independent—we must be individual. Our relation to society should be that of the oak to its fellow, not that of the mistletoe to the oak.

To the maturer man the loss of social touch may come through absorption in the cares of business. The stress upon our men of business in this century of competition is so great as to threaten the complete monopoly of time and faculties. The making and realizing of financial plans consume the man. He has little time to recognize the individuals behind the plans; business is cold and logical, and does not consider sentiment and feeling. He presses his business so constantly that he gradually partakes of its nature, till even the sacred functions of husband and father are neglected, and he becomes a mere force in the market, a machine for making money. The bloom of life may be blasted as quickly in the heat of the market place as in the thick atmosphere of the throng. Business bears no blame in

itself, but rather praise. Life is never more sane than when its energies are poured out freely. It is good to have exacting duties. It is right that every life should have plans and ambitions running away into the future like shining rails that disappear upon the far horizon. It is a glorious thing, as George Eliot said, to die on fire—provided in the glory of it all we do not lose ourselves. For the question comes to us in a very real and temporal sense in this age of materialism: What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose himself?

To the womanhood of our land the loss of individuality may also come, but through other channels. The claims of society and the demands of housewifery are so numerous and exacting to-day that wives and mothers are in danger of losing themselves amid the round of social calls and domestic cares. And this is the worst of all, for what shall we do when our sources have lost their freshness? Where should we be but for the impulses that came to us out of a mother's exhaustless life, and sustained us amid the vicissitudes of childhood and youth and manhood? Of all losses, the mother's

loss of sympathetic touch is the most to be lamented. A good mother who realized what such a loss would mean used to go into her chamber every day at an appointed hour and resolutely shut the door upon the outer world and its demands until she could find herself.

One who never searches himself out from the confusion of business and the distraction of pleasure, who never leads himself as a bosom friend away from the throng for earnest converse, neglects a prime duty of life. Such a one must remain greatly ignorant of his own condition and of his relation to his fellows. That man must be something less than a full man who, passing through life, is forgetful of to-day and heedless of to-morrow. "The life which asks no questions of itself," says Professor Butler, "which traces events back to no causes and forward to no purposes, which seeks no interpretation of what passes within and without, is not a human life at all; it is the life of an animal."

Society is essential to man, for only by it can he "reach his highest development and employ his powers to the fullest extent." Through our social relations there ought to come to each

one a clearer perception and a larger realization of self. But these cannot come in their clearness and fullness in the midst of those relations. He would be a poor sculptor who became so engrossed in the strokes of his chisel that he never stepped back to get a full view of his work.

IX. Solitude.

He who would accomplish anything must be much alone.—*Gladstone*.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together.—*Carlyle*.

THE true life, like the great river, must have its still places, its reservoirs, where it may gather and recuperate its strength when the rush of the rapids is past, and from which it may without fear of exhaustion pour out its re-stored powers in the rapids to come. No life can attain to its highest possibilities or accomplish the largest results without its silent hours. They are not negative; they should be a very positive part of life. They ought to be the fullest hours of the day. The still hour is the time for reckoning up the accounts of the day's transactions and seeing how we stand with ourselves and the world. Then we can drop the plummet and take the soundings; the current of the business hour is too swift, the plummet is swept away. It is only in retirement and meditation

that we realize the experiences which the shock and stress of the day have brought, and make them wholly ours.

Nor let soft slumber close your eyes
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learn'd, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?

Success, in every field of endeavor, waits upon the hour of solitude. The men who have made our industrial world what it is to-day, our captains of industry, have not been men who drifted in the noisy current. They were not to be found amid the throng of pleasure seekers nor in the floating crowd of the streets. Their after-business hours were spent largely in the stillness of the counting-room. The improvident clerk may devote his leisure hours to distractions, but the man who directs and builds a business may not. He knows that the maturing of successful plans cannot be intrusted to the distracting hours of trade; they must be

laid from the vantage ground of the undisturbed hour, when he can command the entire field of proposed action, and correctly measure the obstacles to be surmounted and the strength of the opposing forces. He succeeds or fails by the hour alone rather than by the day upon the market.

The fable of the silent oxen and the murmuring wheels is a figure of the world's work. The real workers are not those who make the greatest noise. The power is not in the street car, but in the dynamo. The power is not in the sales room, but in the counting-room. It is not in the shouting of the street and dock, but in the office from which the orders come. It is not in the babel of the stock exchange, but in the offices up town to which the wires run. The thinkers are the world's dynamos, and their work must be done in silence.

Menial work, which calls for merely mechanical performance, may be done in the midst of confusion—the wagoner performs his task as well in the bustle of Broadway as in the quiet of the country road. But work which is creative, which adds something to the world's store, demands nothing less than the concentra-

tion of all the workman's energies. And concentration cannot spring from distraction. Few men have the power which enabled John Stuart Mill to think out his book on logic while walking through the streets of London. In order to do our fellows the greatest service, we must often seek separation from them. What Edison has done for the world was made possible in the quiet of his laboratory, which fostered long periods of concentrated thought. The services which Tennyson rendered to the world from the Isle of Wight and Wordsworth from the seclusion of Grasmere are doubtless greater than any they could have rendered by throwing themselves into the contemporary current of English life. Revelation and inspiration come to men to-day, as they came to the great men of old, upon the hilltop and in the desert and in the closet. What the world owes to Elias Howe and Samuel Johnson and Haydn came out of the solitude of the garret; as what it owes to Dante and John the Divine came out of exile life.

However the great things of earth may have gotten themselves bodied forth amid confusion and conflict, their conception has always taken

place under the brooding wing of solitude. The Mohammedan religion was conceived in the stillness of the desert. The Reformation had its source in the study of a university professor. The followers of Wesley date their movement from a student's room at Oxford. The battles of Napoleon were won before the clash of arms began. The insight and endurance of Lincoln came from the years when he would "sit up half the night trying to solve the problems of the day." And often in the great world's workshop midnight oil has been the lubricator upon the wheels of accomplishment.

Solitude has often been a necessary schooling for great work among men. Moses spent forty years among the mountains of Midian before he became Israel's leader. Paul passed five years in the desert of Arabia before he became the great apostle. What happened during those forty years of shepherd life, we are not told, only that the burning bush did not appear to the sycophant fresh from Pharaoh's court. It took two score years of solitude to prepare for that vision and voice on the mountain. What happened during those five years in Arabia, no

record tells. Perhaps the season of retirement was necessary in order that the blinding vision which had come upon the road to Damascus might have time to sink unblurred into the apostle's life and become clear in its significance. Certainly he needed to be undisturbed while the roots of his life, which had been torn so violently from the old soil, were taking hold of the soil into which they had been transplanted and in which they were to bear such a harvest of fruit.

It is worthy of notice that those unrecorded years of solitude did not cultivate in either of these men a spirit of asceticism. Their retirement was not that of monk or hermit. Its end was not separation from men. Retirement is justified only as it fits for service. In each life retirement was preceded by citizenship and followed by public ministry. The half of Moses's life was spent at the king's court, and of Paul's in the society of the capital city. Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and Paul had sat at Gamaliel's feet. They had both lived among men and learned of them. That, too, must enter into the preparation of him who would serve his fellows

with real service. We cannot help others except as we have a knowledge of them which comes through sympathetic touch. The rapt visionary is of small service. Peter the Hermit failed, with all his zeal, to deliver the Holy Sepulcher, or even to bring his followers within sight of the Holy City. Godfrey of Bouillon, soldier and man of the world, was crowned ruler of Jerusalem. Only he whose life has been made strong in the ways of men can greatly help them. Even the man of genius, said Samuel Smiles, can do nothing of worth in regard to human affairs unless he has been in some way or other connected with the serious, everyday business of life. The sustaining draught is that which is dipped from the stream of daily life and distilled over the fires of meditation. The lives of Moses and Paul could not, even by inspiration, have been so full of service but for this mingling of society and solitude.

Life consists in a healthy mingling of these two elements, as the day does in sunshine and shadow. "Solitude is impracticable," said Emerson, "and society fatal. We must keep our head in the one and our hands in the other. The conditions are met if we keep our inde-

pendence yet do not lose our sympathy. These wonderful horses need to be driven by fine hands. We require such a solitude as shall hold us to its revelations when we are in the street and in palaces."

Not only is the hour of solitude essential for the remarshaling of forces against the coming shock of battle; not only is it a place of retreat for reflection, when we may bend back the branch of the day and enjoy its fruits again. It may be a crucible. The truest tests of life are sometimes those that come to us, as they came to Him, in the solitude. There, stripped of all bolstering circumstance, our strength or our weakness is made plain. Actions buttressed by surroundings are often a false measure of the man. Our code of law recognizes an element of circumstance. But the steady light of the silent hour, like the X-ray that strips away all circumstance, reveals the man as he is. Peter's denials by the crowded fireside showed his impulsiveness, but his sorrow when alone was a better index of the man as time and trial revealed him.

Above all, the hours of solitude are the source of the strength of life. They look out over the

busy day. They send into it a dominating influence. They guard it against unexpected attack and reënforce it in the hour of conflict. Every soul should have these citadels, guarded against the prying eye of the curious, sacred against intrusion.

The Hebrew people had a sacred place, to which no stranger might approach, and as long as it remained sacred to them it was the seat of the nation's strength. The holy of holies was a symbol of reverence in the soul of the Hebrew nation, and while it remained a true symbol they had an inexhaustible source of strength. The Assyrian might sack the temple and carry captive its votaries; the Roman might hold his pagan orgies before the altar; but so long as a Daniel turned his face toward the holy mount, so long as the sacred fire burned in the soul of a Maccabæus, the Hebrew people were unconquered. When the Hebrew himself began to sell oxen about the portal of the temple, the Shekinah faded from the altar and virtue from the Hebrew life.

The life that would be strong must have its sacred place where the light abides. Throw open all the chambers to the come and go of

the crowd, and somehow the light will fade and the virtue pass out of life. Every man should guard the sacredness of a holy of holies in the temple of life, into which he alone should have entrance as high priest.

X. Play.

The boy's play, in a real sense, creates the man; the man's play re-creates him by re-vitalizing him, refreshing him and restoring to him that delight in activity for its own sake which is the evidence of fresh impulse.—*Hamilton Mabie*.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.—*Adage*.

THOMAS CARLYLE is credited with saying that his notion of heaven was a place where the angels make continual progress toward youth.

If only the river as it flows through the hills could preserve the sparkle and freshness of its source, so that those who stooped to partake of its waters might drink as from the mountain spring! if its stream were never polluted and its waters never lost in stagnant bayous! if the sails of commerce that whiten on its bosom were reflected from a limpid current! if the great river as it pours into the ocean were but the crystal source multiplied manifold!

If only the river of life as it flows through the hills of time could keep the freshness and flavor of youth! if its waters never grew turbid nor its current sluggish! if, as it bore down toward the infinite ocean, its breadth and its depth were but the sparkling waters of the fountain of youth multiplied by the valleys and hills of time!

But the frosts of winter will come to chill and check the flow of the river, and storms will bring stains from the hills, and gloomy skies will find reflection in the river's bosom. The river of water and the river of life must flow through earthy channels and partake of that through which they flow. Their progress is not toward perpetual youth. And yet there are rivers that find for themselves in their channels springs of refreshing which stay with their warmth the chill of winter, and check with their flow the stain of the valleys, and make glad with their sparkle the shadowy places. Such rivers leave blessing and benediction wherever they pass. Such rivers preserve after all the essence of youth.

The danger of increasing years is that they shall bring the stream of life to run sluggish

and low. Who cannot recall the picture of an old man of once far-reaching interests, bent now over a little plot of ground upon which he spends the last lingering hours, unmindful of the world? Who has not seen the touching picture of an old woman withdrawn into her corner beside the smoldering fire, indifferent to the ocean of life beyond her cottage door? As if the current that once surged through the very branch tips of the tree of life had set backward and were now slowly ebbing out from the trunk.

To the life that retains the all-preserving spirit of youth such an ending can never come, for each added year will but bring new strength and alertness to the faculties, as they give to the healthy tree wider reach of root and branch. "I am seventy years young," said the genial Dr. Holmes in answer to the question how old he was. "They will take me there some day," said Russell Lowell with fine humor, as he was passing one day a "Home for Incurable Children." Dr. Johnson, when revisiting in later years the scenes of his youth, could not resist the impulse to once more roll down the hill where he had played as a boy.

Herein lies the secret of power in these men. They remained through all the vicissitudes of years essentially children. The lapse of time did not dull the fine edge of their appreciation, but only added to it an accelerated *vis viva*. Every day brought them, as it were, into a new birth—it brought them to new discoveries through keener perceptions and stronger faculties and tenderer sensibilities. They never lost the power of looking upon the world with the wondering eyes of youth; so it never became common to them, but remained to the end full of marvels, as it was in the first great years of revelation. They never lacked the zest and relish of the child who wakes every morning into a new creation; and so the evil days never came when they could say, "I have no pleasure in them." If they had not bathed in the mythical fountain of Ponce de Leon, they had found by the way such springs of refreshing as sustained the course of their lives through three score and ten fertile years of running.

Youth is not a matter of time, but of spirit. Growth is life; the absence of it is death, regardless of the years. When a man ceases to grow, he is old; so some men are old at thirty,

and some young at eighty. We live "in feelings, not in figures on a dial." The man of sixty who stoops with stiffened mind over his one remaining petty interest is weighed down with age, but not with years. Mr. Gladstone, who in his eighty-fifth year administered the affairs of the British Empire, was buoyed up beneath the weight of years by the spirit of youth.

Life is measured not by time but sensibility. It is not a coral polyp that turns to stone below as fast as it grows above, but a tree the vitality of whose branches depends upon the undiminished vigor of trunk and root. As every twig of the tree is fed by all the growth of years, so every day of a healthy life is supported by all the days that have gone before. That life may continue vigorous, there must be a vital connection between the early and the later years, youth flowing through maturity to give it strength.

The richness of our lives, therefore, depends upon the degree to which we keep in touch with our past, for that is always the degree to which we can come into touch with our present. The extent to which a man can become a boy

again and sympathize with the joys and sorrows, the desires and passions, the weaknesses, of childhood; the degree to which he can enter into the fancies and enthusiasms of youth; the sharpness of his interest in the plans and ambitions of manhood; the breadth and depth of his compassion with struggling humanity everywhere—these mark the boundaries of his life. In so far as any one of these sympathies is lost, life is limited, that root of the tree is dead. Faust was an old man not because of white locks but because he had lost touch with his past and had no interest in the extravagances of youth. He had to be rejuvenated. But to be transported by magic to the days of youth is one thing, and to carry the spirit of youth as a sustaining power into maturer years is another. “Except ye become as little children,” said the Master of life, taking a little child up in his arms, “ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven;” and in the compassionate act he taught, as he so often did, by silent example the application of his precept. Whatever that kingdom may be, it is the kingdom of life, with no place for the withered branches and the dead roots of the

tree of life. One cannot think of it as a place where each would not enter into the experiences of all.

"The abiding spirit of the child" is a cumulative power in a man's life. It fuses into oneness all its elements and makes life more effective at every point of touch, as cohesion among the particles of a diamond adds the influence of all to the one crystal at the point of contact. Martin Luther could write boyish letters to his son, and theses that shook the world. He could compose a Christmas carol for children, and lead a reformation. And the one side of the man was dependent on the other; the playmate of children strengthened the leader of men. There was no division in the great reformer, no dissipation of energies. "When we have the expression of a man's power and energy on the one side," said Bayard Taylor, "and his delicacy of mind and playful tenderness of heart on the other, we have the broadest measure of his character. The influence of Luther on German literature cannot be explained until we see how sound and vigorous and manifold was the new spirit which he infused into the language."

The biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson reveals the secret spring of that writer's power in the winsome picture which he gives us of the author playing at soldiers with his little stepson. "Upon the attic floor a map was roughly drawn in chalks of different colors, with mountains, rivers, towns, bridges, and roads of two classes. Here we would play by the hour with tingling fingers and stiffening knees, and an intentness, zest, and excitement that I shall never forget." This, too, in a Swiss chalet of the high Alps, whither Stevenson had gone as an invalid. And the biographer adds: "Year after year he reverted to the game, and even in Samoa there was a campaign room with the map colored on the floor." Small wonder that a man with such inexhaustible resources of interest and enjoyment could say, "I was never bored in my life;" and when that life, withal a life of sick room and suffering, was well-nigh spent, could say of it, "It was great fun." All chambers of life instantly opened the doors of their treasures to him at the sesame of sympathetic touch. "He was," said a fellow-countryman, "the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this

old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play." No wonder such a life grew in magnetism and power to the very end.

The spirit of play is life's preservative. The man who has lost it has lost the secret spring of life. He may not lack energy, but he lacks vitality, and in the end the stream of his life will run sluggish. Play is not an unmanly thing. It is not an accident of early years to be put away with childish things, but the essence of life, to the man as well as to the child.

The secret of the child's play and of the father's success are one. The child does not amuse itself with one toy all the while, but turns from one to another with ever-new interest. The boy does not confine himself to one plaything, but passes through the round of tops and marbles and popgun and bow and arrow, keeping up by the change an interest that would otherwise lag. Who can estimate the effect which playthings have upon the life of the child in training the powers of observation and judgment and invention, in sharpening imagination, in giving to all the mental faculties alertness and strength? And the qualities thus cultivated through the earlier

years are sustained and strengthened in the same way through later years, by diversity of interest.

The dominant elements of play are freshness and enthusiasm. Let these be lost, and play becomes work. Infuse them into work, and it becomes play. The same thing which to the amateur is play becomes work to the professional who earns his bread by it. A father set his boy to throw a heap of stones into the river, but the boy got genuinely tired before half the task was done. Then the father suggested that he see how often he could hit a tree that stood in the water's edge, and the stones were gone before the boy knew it. A new element had entered into the task, an enthusiasm, which turned the work into play. But freshness and enthusiasm are the essential elements of success in every distinctive work. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Continued work in any single direction exhausts the reservoirs. The workman must have diversion while these reservoirs fill again.

The man who would do the most effective work in any field will not confine himself to that field. He will have his time of relaxa-

tion and recreation. When Ben-Hur was put into the galleys, he asked to be changed from side to side of the ship, lest by sitting always in the same position the muscles in one side of his body should be developed to the neglect of those in the other side. Now, the faculties of the mind, like the muscles of the body, are so adjusted as to relieve each other by relays, as it were. While some are in action, others are at rest. A change of interest is necessary that the taxed faculties may have relaxation and the idle ones exercise. Thus the mind is enabled to preserve its normal balance, and in proportion as that balance is preserved life is sane and vigorous.

Charles Darwin was, in his earlier years, a great lover of nature and literature, but he devoted himself so entirely to scientific pursuits that the æsthetic side of the man wasted away. The landscape that had once thrilled him no longer had any charm; the works of Shakespeare had no appeal for him. Lamenting the loss in his later years, he said that if it were possible to live his life over he would cultivate a love of the beautiful by exercising it every day.

The tree of life depends as much upon its lateral roots as upon its taproot. It is recorded of the late Professor Rowland, one of the most eminent scientists of his day, that "in winter the horse, in summer the sailboat, gave him never-failing delight. He knew where to find the trout and how to handle the rod. He would take great risks in following the hounds."

Bancroft the historian took time for the cultivation of flowers. And Dr. Hale declares with much feeling: "It is to me, therefore, always a pleasure to recollect that Bancroft and Francis Parkman, in the midst of their hard work that we might know something, had heart and time and insight and inspiration and determination and courage enough to help the world forward in the cultivation of perfect roses."

The biographer of Henry Drummond gives us this pen picture of his hero: "You spoke and found him keen to any of a hundred interests. He fished, he shot, he skated as few can, he played cricket; he would go any distance to see a fire or a football match. He had a new story, a new puzzle, or a new joke every

time he met you. Was it on the street? He drew you to watch two message boys meet, grin, knock each other's hats off, lay down their baskets and enjoy a friendly chaffer of marbles. . . . If it was a rainy afternoon in a country house, he described a new game, and in five minutes everybody was in the thick of it. If it was at a children's party, they clamored for his sleight-of-hand. He smoked, he played billiards; lounging in the sun, he could be the laziest man you ever saw." It was this sympathetic touch with every age and condition of men which constituted the wonderful charm of the man, and which enabled his friends to say of him: "He was the most vital man I ever saw, who never loitered, never wearied, never was conventional, pedantic, formal, who simply reveled in the fullness of life."

We are not wont to associate the lighter vein of recreation with George Washington, but a biographer has given us this delightful glimpse into that side of our hero's nature: "He loved horses and dogs with the heartiest sportsman of them all. He had a great gusto for stalking deer with George Mason on the

broad forested tracts round Gunston Hall, and liked often to take gun or rod for lesser game when the days fell dull; but best of all he loved a horse's back and the hard ride for hours together after the dogs and a crafty quarry."

These were men who held the mastery over life. They were not driven by the stress of work, though no men of their day had heavier burdens or more absorbing interests, and no men served their generations more greatly—they were not gentlemen of leisure. Yet withal, they presided over the course of life with calm and confident mastery. They neither hastened nor wasted. They never lacked power nor vitality. They worked well because they played well.

Play in its broadest sense, however, is not limited to the recognized sports and games. It is always well for a man, to be sure, if he can retain that hearty enthusiasm of youth which will enable him on occasion to throw himself with the abandonment of real enjoyment into a sharp contest on the field of sport, to join in the chase with the spirit of a lover, to lose himself in the excitement of the hunt.

But these fields of recreation are not open to all, nor are they the only means by which one may secure the beneficent effects of play.

Whatever diverts the energies from their accustomed channel has in it the essential elements of play, no matter how mild or how strenuous the diversion be. What is work in one case may be play in another. One man may chop wood for recreation, another read Greek. Mr. Gladstone had in his study three desks, each devoted to a separate interest. One was given over to political matters, another to religious questions, a third to literary work; and he was used to pass from one to another, becoming by turns statesman, theologian, author. And when these failed of interest, he betook himself to the ax and the forest. Nor did diversity weaken him in any field. Statesmanship was his calling, but his other interests rather strengthened him in this by broadening his experience, knowledge, and sympathy. The work of statesman could not bring out all the potentialities of the man. He was determined to become a well-rounded man, and in becoming such he became one of the greatest statesmen of his age.

No man of one interest can reach his highest efficiency, even in that interest. In this day of specialists it is worth while to guard against the fallacy that the work accomplished in any field is measured by the time spent upon it and not by the freshness and vigor brought to bear. The most vigorous mind will lose its keenness after a period of application, and when that limit is reached further effort is waste of time and abuse of mind. It has been said that three hours a day is the limit of high mental work. Certainly more can be accomplished in three hours of absorbing application when the faculties are focused upon the work than in twice that time when the mind is listless. "A single hour of composition won from the business of the day," quotes Samuel Smiles from Gifford the editor, "is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature; in the one case the spirit comes joyfully to refresh itself like a hart by the water brooks; in the other it pursues its miserable way panting and jaded, with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind."

Amid the toil and tension of a century of work the worker must still remember that the

best results cannot be secured through keeping constantly at it; that "To work long and with cumulative power, one must play often and honestly." Play is the spring which bubbles up here or there in the channel of the river of life, the quickening waters of which are a pervading antidote against corruption and stagnation of the stream.

XI. Rest.

We must rest to be able to work well, and work to be able to enjoy rest.—*Lubbock*.

There is a condition familiar to men of letters, and I suppose to artists of all descriptions, which may be called a moulting state. The imagination, exhausted by long efforts, sheds its feathers, and mind and body remain sick and dispirited till they grow again.—*Froude*.

THE silver cord of life is triple. Work, play, and rest, in equal parts, make up the strand. No one of them may be magnified at the expense of another. All work and no play is drudgery; all rest and no work is stagnation. The virtue of each depends upon the others. They support and strengthen each other. The strongest life is that which consists of the three elements in true proportion.

We cannot continue to put forth energy indefinitely, like a machine. Our strength is like the ocean tide: it has its ebb and its flow, its high and its low potential. To every workman, whether artist or artisan, whether worker with

head or hand, there come times when the tide has run out. The laborer goes out fresh to his work in the morning; at evening he comes back jaded. The artist applies himself to his task all the winter; when summer comes, his energies have run low. Body and mind demand regular times of relaxation. The bow kept tense loses its virtue. The tension of life must be regularly relieved if we would preserve that elasticity which is its virtue and strength.

Recreation has its place, but it cannot substitute rest. No man has so much energy that he can keep the reservoir full by turning the stream in different directions. Work exhausts. The farmer rotates the crops upon his fields in order to relieve the lands; but he gets the best permanent returns by letting each field lie idle once in three or four years. Some element of the soil has been consumed by the successive crops, and only rest can restore it. Every life that would bear its largest harvest must have its season of rest. It must lie fallow. There are times when doing nothing is doing the most for your life.

There is no economy in shortening the night and striking the holidays from the calendar.

We shall not get rich by robbing ourselves. Nature has fixed the law of proportionate parts in life as well as in the physical world. Two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, no more and no less, make water. Equal parts of work, play, and rest make life. And the one law is as universal as the other. Men may seem for a season to set the law aside and compound life according to their pleasure, but nature will not be thwarted. If the worker does not recognize her, she will assert herself one day and claim her own with usury, heaping up the hours of idleness while he lies powerless to resist. He may give over to work for a season the hours of rest, but they must be paid back with interest. We cannot save time; we can only use it. Burning the candle at both ends is a costly experiment.

Vigor of body and mind alike depends upon the giving of self at the proper time to rest. Other things being equal, that man will be most successful who can, while at work, completely concentrate his energies, and can afterwards surrender himself unreservedly to rest. Napoleon's success was due in no small measure to the command which he had over himself. On

the eve of battle he could throw himself down in his tent and in a moment be asleep.

Life needs its hours of idleness, its days of brooding. 'Tis then that nature, left free to work in her alchemic chambers, builds up the energies anew. They are the coaling stations on the way, where the ship, lying at rest, takes on fuel with which to continue the voyage. Without such stations the fires of the hidden engines would die out and the ship fail of her ultimate haven. The good captain runs no risk of having his bunkers give out between stations; he makes haste slowly, knowing the requirements of the voyage.

"My soul's one wish," said Thomas Carlyle from his quiet retreat when "The French Revolution" was finished, "My soul's one wish is to be left alone, to hear the rustle of the trees, the music of the burn, to lie vacant, as ugly and stupid as I like. There is soothing and healing for me in the green solitude of these simple places." Turner, the famous painter, used to spend hours lying prone upon his back in a boat watching the floating clouds as they passed; but those *dolce far niente* hours were not lost to the artist in his studio. The mani-

fold strings of the harp of life may be made to yield wonderful strains, but the pauses are always a part of the music.

Even the practical business world is beginning to see the economic relation between work and rest. Employers are recognizing that the work accomplished is not proportioned to the time spent in the shop, but that more satisfactory results are obtained from an eight-hour day than from the old sun-to-sun system. The twenty-four hours of the day may well be given in equal parts to labor, recreation, and rest.

There are two kinds of rest that minister to the needs of men. The one all men share; the other all may share. The one is bodily relaxation; the other is spiritual repose. The first is primarily physical in its effect, and is enjoyed by all ages and conditions alike; the second ministers especially to the higher nature in men, and its need is felt in proportion as that nature develops. The little child knows nothing of receptive relaxation. Its nature finds all needed rest in sleep, and no other rest can even be imposed upon it—the child forced to be still will soon be asleep. The African too, a child in na-

ture, finds the needs of his simple life met by alternate work and sleep. Lying under the shade of the trees at midday, his hour of rest is an hour of forgetfulness. The day's work done, he is off to bed; the narrower the margin between work and sleep, the more content he is. It is significant that mythology, which comes out of the childhood of the race, has no deity to incarnate this waking repose. Vulcan and Hercules it has, gods of labor and might; Somnus and Morpheus, gods of lethe and sleep; Clio and Calliope, the Muses—but no god of rest.

The immature individual or race feels no need of the quiet hour that falls between the day of stress and the night of sleep. But such hours are as essential to the full and harmonious development of our natures as are the hours of sleep to the vigor and endurance of the body. The need of such rest, peculiar to the higher nature of men, was recognized and provided for from the very beginning in the setting aside of a seventh day for rest; and because man in his infancy did not himself recognize the need of such a day, it was laid down in external law. The purely physical has no need of a day of rest.

Night provides for all the needs of the animal. The ant continues to gather its stores as diligently on the seventh as on the first day. The bee improves the shining hours of the Sabbath as well as of the other days of the week. The seventh day was not set aside arbitrarily. It was not decreed in order to compel a recognition of the Creator and man's duty to him. Though superficially an arbitrary law, as all laws for the child are arbitrary from his point of view, it was given for the sake of that nature in us which makes us higher than the beast, a nature which needed from its very birth the ministry of a day of rest as well as a night of rest to bring it to maturity. Like the law of work, the law of the Sabbath of rest was written in man before it was inscribed on stone.

Men have sometimes tried to set aside the law of the Sabbath as though it were non-essential to the welfare of man to-day, but the results have always been a sufficient refutation of their belief. More than a century ago the people of France nullified the seventh day for a while in their count of time. To-day France recognizes no Sunday in her laws, and her political elections are regularly held on that

day. The pulse of her great capital is as feverish on the seventh day as on any other day of the week. May not these things sufficiently explain the fact that France is one of the least spiritual among the great nations, and that her chief city is rife with revolution and immorality? The safeguard of national welfare, as of individual well-being, lies in the recognition of the need in every human life of a day of rest.

Let us not mistake, however, the significance of that day. The night of rest brings physical and mental recuperation. The day of rest ministers to spiritual repose. But repose does not mean lethargy nor inactivity. It is not an element of inaction, but of action. It is that quality which enables a man to preserve unshaken poise in conflict, self-mastery in the face of provocation, serenity in the midst of storm. It is the ballast deep down in the hold of the ship of life which enables the vessel to right herself when the winds beat aloft on the sails.

Perhaps no commandment has been so abused in its interpretation as the fourth. Men have seen only the negative side, the command to cease from the labors of the week. They look

forward through six days of toil to the seventh as a time for recuperation of exhausted energy. They rob the week of recreation and the night of rest, expecting to pay back the borrowed hours on the seventh day. But that day has a function of its own in the economy of human life. It has a peculiar ministry. It is not a surplus day from which hours may be borrowed at liberty to fill up deficiencies made by the overdraft of secular work. To work until midnight Saturday and make up the loss of rest on the morrow is as real a violation as to do the work of Saturday on the next day. The seventh day should find the physical man unimpaired, and it will find him so if work and rest are properly proportioned through the preceding six days. Then the day of rest will mean the laying aside of the secular cares under which the spirit has been bowed, and letting the spirit stand upright and free in an unwearyed body. Just in proportion as the seventh day finds the man wearied, or engaged with secular affairs, the spirit, to the ministry of which that day is appointed, is robbed of its due.

From this standpoint the man who uses the seventh day to regather spent forces, or who

takes business with him into the pew, violates the fourth commandment no less than the man who plows his field; for in either case the spirit is left bowed and faint; in either case the man misses that repose of being which will make his life well-poised and unshakable; he fails of that ballast which would have held the vessel steady and made its sailing sure through changeful winds. The day of rest was appointed to minister to the repose, not of that day, but of the week of activity. In the deepest sense the Sabbath was made for man.

But rest demands as distinct limitations as does work or play. Intemperance in the matter of idleness is as serious as in any other. All rest is no rest—the idler's life is unbroken weariness. Rest exists only by contrast. It is relaxation from work. The two are as inseparable as the two sides of a coin. "Two men each painted a picture," said Henry Drummond, "to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam; at the fork

of a branch, almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest. The first was only stagnation; the last was rest—for in rest there are always two elements: tranquillity and energy." And John Ruskin voices the same thought when he says: "The rest which is glorious is of the chamois crouched breathless in its granite bed, not of the stalled ox over his fodder." Only the toiler knows what rest is, the man whose energies are poured out all day.

Finally, rest can never be an end, but only a means in life. We may not strive after it. It must come as an incident to work, and pass with the passing need. It is not the camp, the campaign ended, but the bivouac by the wayside with to-morrow's march in view. Nirvana, the realm of eternal rest, may be the ideal heaven of the indolent Buddhist; it can never be the ideal of the true human life. The man who has wrought himself out through years of effort could not, without complete revulsion of nature, find his highest happiness in unbroken rest, as active lives everywhere have in their last years given ample proof. Work and rest must continue to succeed each other if they are to bring forth their proper fruit, fullness of life.

XII. Service.

The desire to rear as high as possible in the air the pyramid of my existence, of which the base is given and placed for me, predominates over every other, and scarcely allows itself for a moment to be forgotten. I must not neglect myself.—*Goethe*.

The aim and end of life is the harmonious and complete development of the man, individually, socially, politically, and religiously, each one devoting his constant and total activity to the welfare of his fellows in loving service.—*Noah K. Davis*.

Two things could scarcely be more different in appearance than the branch and its fruit. To see them apart, one would never suspect a relation between them. The man who knew nothing of the growth of fruits would not predict one of the other. Yet they are expressions of the same life. The mellow fruit which the tree holds out with its hundred hands springs from the hard branch and is dependent upon it; the same life current flows through them both; together they make up the life of the tree. The fruit is the fulfillment of the branch, its crown and consummation.

But a universal law of nature has decreed that the branch shall be first. Long years the young tree stands fruitless while it sends down its roots to lay hold of the treasures of earth, and spreads out its branches to gather sunshine and rain. Long years it must be cared for and protected from injury. And during all this time it gives forth no return. It is a law of the tree's life that the early years shall be fruitless. These years are devoted to preparation, and the tree which trespasses against this law and begins to bear fruit too early will pay the penalty in the failure of ultimate fulfillment. Early fruitage means early exhaustion. But when the tree has become deep rooted and grounded, with strong stock and broad branch, it begins to fulfill itself in the bearing of fruit. Breadth of branch and depth of root are essential to large and continued yield.

Fruit is a result. It is not a sudden manifestation. It does not appear alone. The farmer does not expect to gather a harvest from his sowing overnight. The little child who planted the fallen flower, expecting to see it blossom at once, knew nothing of the laws of life: the mother who nurtured the growing

plant knew how flowers are grown. Fruit is a natural outcome. A healthy tree in proper surroundings will surely bear fruit in due season; until that season comes, compulsion will only endanger the life of the tree. When the time is ripe the fruit appears as naturally as the branches and leaves appeared in their season; it is an expression of the life of the tree for which it had been long preparing in secret.

The story of the tree is the story of all life. The great Teacher once said in a figure, "first the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear." The life that would bear the full ear of corn must first bring forth the blade. The man who would attain to his highest powers must put off the bearing of fruit. He must devote the early years in all earnestness to the enriching and widening of his resources, to the deepening of root and broadening of branch against the weight and drain of future fruitage.

Only the well-rooted life can bear a full harvest. Many a life of promise has failed of fulfillment and remained shallow and weak because it began to bear fruit too soon. The shortsighted parent sends out his child to earn wages, and the child remains through all his

years immature. Thousands of lives are being dwarfed in our land through the ignorance or the indolence of parents. And in every dwarfing, community and country are being robbed of the just fruits of full manhood or womanhood. The true parent, looking with provident eye to the future years of his child, will shield and nurture, even at his own great sacrifice, the young life whose destiny has been so largely committed to his charge. Instead of asking a return, he will give his whole possession, if need be, that every opportunity may be used for bringing the child into the full possession of its powers. With the falling of every year there go up out of the homes of our land an army of youth, not to become wage earners but wage spenders. For four years of college life they bring no fruit to the world's market, they are consumers. Yet those quiet years, if rightly spent, are making root and branch; and it is to those very lives that the country will look for largest harvest in the years to come.

Nor is the danger of dwarfing passed with the passing of parental care. When the control of our lives has come into our own hands, we have constantly to guard against sacrificing the

future to the present, against compromising ultimate usefulness by passing service. The larger the promise of life the greater the danger. The young man of marked endowment in any community is the man marked for every occasion. Demands for service are made upon him from all sides. He is called upon to give of his time and energy to the various causes that appear with every season. He is expected to throw himself into every movement that aims at the betterment of the community, and the more ready his response the more frequent the call. If in his enthusiasm and desire to be of service the young man responds without stint of time or talent, he may discover when it is too late that in the sacrifice of the quiet hours of retirement and meditation he has robbed his life and forfeited the power to serve greatly in the later years. The springs run dry at a time when men look to see them burst forth like a fountain. If a man does not protect the springs of his life, he will not find the public inclined to husband them. There is a danger line here beyond which self-preservation becomes selfishness, against which one must scrupulously guard; but it is the first duty

of every man, at whatever risk of being misunderstood, to protect the formative years of his life against exhaustion. They are not therefore selfish because they are self-centered.

But there is a selfishness not infrequently engendered by the very call to service, the more reprehensible because it wears the garb of unselfishness. It springs from fear of public opinion, and is personified in the man who does not dare invoke the passing censure of his fellows by declining to serve when he may thereby one day serve more greatly—the man who on occasion gives of the time or money which should be devoted to his own improvement, not from the prompting of his heart, but under the pressure of public opinion. That man yields to the call not from desire to be of service to his fellows but from the desire to escape opprobrium and to win the good will of the people. Such action in politics is stamped demagoguery; too often in other spheres it is considered public spirit. The man who serves with such purpose deliberately barter in his own present interest the power to enrich his life, and thereby robs the community of that benefit which would have come to it through the enrichment. He is no

less culpable than the guardian who, at the whim of the child, squanders the heritage which was to fall to his ward with accumulated interest in after years. That man, though he seem philanthropic, is supremely selfish, because he has sacrificed upon the altar of his own esteem the life that should have been held in stewardship. He can have no ground for complaint if those whom he claimed to serve condemn him when they have looked in vain for the harvest of later years. He may remember the curse that fell upon the fig tree when its promise failed of fulfillment.

Every man should hold his life in trust for others, but as finally responsible for that life he must remain the judge as to how it shall be made to yield the largest interest. He is never justified in giving the direction of it into the hands of others. The most unselfish of men, and He who finally did the world greatest service, said once, when His friends were urging Him to public action: "My time is not yet come." Every life has its time of growth and its time of harvest. Each man knows best where the division lies in his own case between these two, knows best the resources and possi-

bilities of his life; and he must be guided by that knowledge against all influence. His life is a stage. The public looks upon it from pit and gallery; he sees behind the scenes. They may applaud or hiss according to their humor; he cannot play to the galleries, but must steadfastly order his acts in view of the whole of the play. That life alone can attain to its greatest fruition which has a plan and an ultimate purpose, and which holds to them through censure and applause.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow
dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

"A Christian man is the freest lord of all," said Luther, "and subject to none. A Christian man is the most dutiful servant of all, and subject to every one;" which is but an echo from the great Teacher, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." This is

one of the paradoxes of life, the kernel of which, when we pierce the shell of contradiction, is that the aim and end of life is the helping of others. Service is the fruit of the tree of life; the greater the tree the greater the harvest.

Our confusion and our hurt come from a wrong notion of service. It does not call for self-abasement. How can a man serve except he have power, and how can he gain power by humiliation of self before others? We must rear as high as possible the pyramid of our existence—why else was the base given and placed for us?—if we would render the greatest possible service. But we may not build, as the Pharaohs did of old, monuments to vainglory upon the suffering of others. We can never be above those we would serve in sympathy; we must be above them in power. It is a law of nature that things upon the same plane cannot help each other. Water will not rise above its level. If I would teach, I must know more than my pupils. If I would advise, I must be wiser than those who seek counsel. If I would guide, I must go first and lead others to my vantage ground. If I would help, I must be in some way stronger than those in need. The

frail woman on her couch may help the stalwart man if her faith is stronger than his.

The world's benefit has always come from leaders, not followers; from masters, not slaves. Menial servitude is no true service. Slavery has ever tended to drag down both master and serf. True service comes from above. It makes men stronger, not weaker; freer, not more dependent; nobler, not more base. We look upward, not downward, for real service. Even the Man of Galilee could not help those who looked down upon him. No service can come from self-belittlement. The highest place is the place of greatest potential, and true men seek it, not that they may rule, but serve.

Service does not demand self-forgetfulness. "I am among you as he that serveth," said the great Exemplar, and yet, as Dr. Abbott says: "He measured himself, and did not heedlessly use up his powers in ill-adjusted service. It is sometimes said that we ought to forget ourselves. Well, that is both true and false. Christ did not forget that some care of self is necessary for the largest, truest, and noblest self-sacrifice. When with his disciples he had come near the city, he did not hesitate to stop,

because he was tired, and rest himself, while he sent his disciples forward to do the lesser service, to bring back food for their common need. He hired a little fishing boat, and used to go off and take exercise on the lake for rest. He called his disciples to go abroad with him for a trip across the lake, that he might hide himself in the wilderness; when the people followed after him, he came back across the sea, and went to Phœnicia to seek hiding in that foreign province; when he could not be hid there, he went up into the northern mountains, that he might there find rest, and in rest strength for new work. No; love is not always self-forgetfulness."

When the man has realized that life is not for self, but for service, he has reached at once the highest and truest view of life. Service is as natural and essential to the real man as fruit-bearing is to the tree. To bear fruit too early means sacrifice, but not to bear fruit in the proper season means death.

For I say, this is death and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest;
A lamp's death when, replete with oil, it chokes.

Who has not seen men of wealth and rich endowments perish away in all their higher nature because they refused to put forth their stored-up power in the fruits of service? Service is not merely a privilege; it is a necessity. John Wesley's words, "I make all I can, I save all I can, I give all I can," are applicable not only to the getting and giving of money but to the getting and giving of life. The ability to take the third step depends upon having taken the other two; but these taken, the third must be, or life turns in upon itself and fails.

He who would be a faithful servant must take constant thought of self. It is the invested capital from which his fellows are to draw interest, and he will not allow it to be drafted upon, lest the interest fail; he will not neglect to declare dividends in due season, lest the investment be worthless. He will keep a most vigilant eye upon himself; at first, that his life be not given too freely; at last, that it be not withheld. There are two dangers, to one or the other of which every life is exposed. The one is exhaustion; the other, suppression. After the full measure of fruitless years must come the full harvest.

XIII. The Ideal.

All men, in fact, whether or not they know it, have an ideal, base or lofty, which molds character and shapes destiny. . . . The ideal, that which in our inmost souls we love and desire, which we lay to heart and live by, is at once the truest expression of our nature and the most potent agency in developing its powers. . . . All important, therefore, is the choice of an ideal; for this more than rules or precepts will determine what we are to become.—*Bishop Spalding.*

The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment, too, is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic?—*Carlyle.*

TIME is past, present, and future; but life is only present. Only in the Now the woof is weaving. Out of the future into the past flows the stream of life, over the narrow edge of the

present; but on that line alone lies life. Our dreams and ideals drift down from out the mist-veiled future. Crossing the line of to-day, they feel for an instant the touch of life, become reality, and sweep on fixed forever into the past.

There is no life nor power in that which is gone. Alexander and Cæsar and Saint Francis and Luther have lived and finished their lives. The annals of time are shelves filled with vases that have received the stamp of the potter's wheel and been set aside. They cannot return to the wheel. The past is dependent on the living present for the part it plays in the molding to-day. The stories of hero and martyr must make us more valiant and steadfast in our own struggle, or they have no place in our lives. The lessons of history must make us wiser in the solution of our own problems, or our knowledge of them is vain. As we stand at the whirling wheel of life we look upon the finished vases and learn by their flaws or their fineness to give to our own a noble form.

The hopes and the ideals of the future, too, to which we look forward, must give us encouragement for the work of the present hour, or they are futile. History and hope can enter

into the world's life only as they are interpreted into the deeds of the living hour. The past and the future are focused upon the Now. All power is present.

Life is a growth, not by butterfly transformations, but by slowly widening circles. The first figure ever used to picture life was that of a tree—the tree of life. It is a beautiful thought that life has its root and its branches, that it puts forth leaves of beauty and bears fruit of usefulness, that it is the child of earth and heaven, that it grows downward and upward and outward. Our ancient forefathers, wandering under the oaks of primeval forest, saw the likeness of life to the tree, and gave expression to the figure in their mythology, where Ygdrasil is the tree of existence, whose root reaches down to the depth, whose crown touches heaven, whose branches fill the universe.

A faithful figure of life, too, is the tree, because its days are an endless round. The current of sap flows up from root to branch, where it bursts forth in foliage and fruit, which in due season fall back to earth to be changed to mold and sap and leaf and fruit again.

Upon this endless round of activities depends the tree's existence. It must work, not only to bring forth an ephemeral harvest of leaves, but to preserve and expand its life. The leaves are a manifestation and a condition of life, but the life of the tree is not in them, nor do they ultimately measure its growth. Around the tree there extends, just under the bark, a tiny band. It is neither wood nor bark, but it is becoming wood, and when the year's round of activity is done it will be a circle, the largest of the tree. There, in that becoming, is the permanent gain of the tree, the measure of its growth. Year by year, as fruit and foliage come to maturity and fall away to be taken up again into new life, the successive circles are folded into the heart of the oak.

But as each circle is realized in wood the vitality ebbs out of that ring. The perfected circles form the strength of the tree, but they do not hold its vitality. Not in the heart of the oak, but in the forming, outmost band, abides the mystery we call life. And there it works, not to bring forth leaves nor fruit, but to produce a tree. There, in that incompleteness, hovers the Ideal, there hides the power

which is working toward the perfect form. No fear that its work may turn out a vine or a bramble. The unseen power will be true to its Ideal, whatever the circumstance of earth or air. It will bring forth a tree after its own kind. Leaves and fruit will pass; the bark, too, will burst and be cast away. But through all the changes of the ever-recurring round the tree will be steadfastly realizing the Ideal which it set for itself in the beginning. So long as it has its Ideal, so long as it has the forming circle, it has life. When it ceases to have that, be the tree never so great, it is dead. And men read the story of the tree's life, its vicissitudes, the droughts and fair seasons, not in the forgotten harvests but in the rings of the oak.

And life is a tree. We draw our sustenance from the stores of earth and sky. Our roots are deep sunk in the soil of circumstance; our heads are lifted to catch the blessings of heaven; our branches are spread out to the winds of the world. The universe is made to serve our need. We put forth leaves and bear fruit—the manifestation of life, our deeds. They are gathered by others; we take them up again into our own larger life; they are for-

gotten. Not in them is found the true measure of our gain and growth. We cast away our bark—the creeds and fancies that protected earlier years become too binding as life expands. Deeds and creeds must pass if the span of life would lengthen.

We grow by widening circles, by horizons ever changing, ever dim. "There is no outside, no inclosing wall, no circumference to us." No sooner is one horizon realized than another takes its place, dim and indistinct as before. What was once vague and meaningless becomes clear and full of meaning with the passing years; and with succeeding cycles things once not so much as dreamed of become matter of fact, part of ourselves, like the rings in the heart of the oak. Books that had no charm to our youthful minds teem with truth in the later years, because our horizons have meantime widened by experience of these very truths. And "the books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man and passed on?" So

we pass from primer to philosophy, from "Romeo and Juliet" to "The Tempest," from the law of the Old Testament to the life of the New. But, however far we go, there yet remains before us "An Undiscovered Island," a "Revelation."

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

We speak of ideas coming to us as if they were a settling swarm of bees. But ideas, like the stars, are fixed in the infinite spaces, and, though to our feeble eye they may sometimes blend in a milky way afar, we shall find, when we reach them, measureless spaces between. In the world of ideas no telescope will bring the bright orb within reach; if we would realize it, we must go, or grow, to it. So in widening circles we pass from knowledge to knowledge, from life to life. And our limit, like that of the universe, is found in the Infinite.

The broadest view has its blending of earth and sky. The largest life has its mist-veiled horizon. And in that horizon rim hovers the genius, the Ideal, of life, molding and shaping

our destiny. Like the mirage, it leads but ever eludes us. No sooner do we come where it seemed to dwell than we find it beckoning to us from the horizon as before. We struggle toward it, but, like the rainbow, it is always just beyond. We advance, we gain ground, we gain all except the Ideal, that can never be won. What I set before me to-day as the thing to be most desired becomes the veriest commonplace with its attainment to-morrow, not because it is less but because I am more. My horizon has moved outward with the very effort, my Ideal is now beyond. Michael Angelo often let the chisel fall from his work as it neared completion, and left it unfinished not because the work had failed but because the Ideal which he was pursuing with tireless hand, and which he had seen in the work, fled as he strove to chisel it into reality, and left the work commonplace in his eye. The Ideal cannot abide in the Real, else there were an end to life.

The Ideal is the formative power in life. It is that which guides and shapes, which inspires and sustains. No man can have it and not strive. No man can strive in any true sense without it. It is the motive in every man's

work, however obscurely he may feel it in the hours of toil. Ever and anon he lifts his eye, like the sculptor, from the work where his chisel rests to the model which he has set before him. And the difference between the work and the model, the distance between the worker and his Ideal, is at once the measure of his incompleteness and the motive to further toil. The man for whom there hovers on the far horizon no beckoning Ideal, who has reached the bourn of his life, who ceases to strive, is like the sapless tree, dead, though he tower never so high.

Men become like that which they constantly look upon. Faces that have reflected each other in emulation for half a century become wondrously alike. The great apostle knew the power of this reflected image when he wrote to the wayward young converts at Corinth, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." He knew that if he could get them to look steadfastly, "with open face," upon the perfect Ideal, it would be well with them.

And this mysterious influence of reflected light is at work in every life. We are changed into the image of the Ideal which we set before us—ennobled if it be worthy, debased if it be unworthy. Every day may be seen around us the manifestation of this great truth—faces that have become fine and noble from reflecting a high Ideal, and other faces that have become coarse and mean from being set toward a low Ideal.

We may choose whatever Ideal we will, but, once it is chosen, we cannot but grow more and more like that which we have set before us. To-day's Ideal will inevitably mold to-morrow's character, for character grows into the form outlived by the Ideal. Every circle from which our Ideal takes flight becomes an outpost of character. So in the working out of our Ideal we work it into ourselves. And this is the imperishable in the growth of the tree of life.

XIV. The Unconscious Attainment.

Not what I may remember constitutes education, but what I cannot forget.—*Quintilian*.

OUR age is preëminently one of educational aspiration. The quickening that has taken place in this direction within the past half century is altogether unparalleled. Campaigns for education and twentieth century funds and thank offerings are a feature of the new times. Church and State have been awakened to larger effort in the interest of their schools. Within a single year more than a hundred million dollars have been given to the cause of education in our country.

And in response, as it were, to this interest and liberality there are thousands of young men and women coming every year to take advantage of the great opportunity. They are coming from town and country, from shop and plow. Some are leaving positions which it has taken years to win; others are coming at the sacrifice by parents of all but the bare neces-

sities of life. On all sides they are turning toward the open door of the school, their faces set upon the far-off goal of education. It is an inspiring sight, this army of our youth, the future stay of our nation, willing to strive and sacrifice for that which they believe to be the highest. It is an even more inspiring sight—the fathers and mothers who are toiling in obscure homes with no other end in view than that their children may enjoy a larger life than theirs.

It will be the real tragedy of life if these parents fail to find in their returning sons and daughters that for which they have labored so many years. It will be deepest pathos if these young men and women discover in the fierce battle of life that what they got at school does not stand them in stead in the time of need. Beside such a calamity the fate of the fabled children of Hamelin would pale into insignificance. The expectant throng that are marching out from their homes will never return the same children that went forth. Whether they come to the pleasant sight of

a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put on a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;

whether they realize their bright hopes, or are left to wander in darkness, will depend upon whether they are given by those at whose piping they march a right conception of their aim.

Is the common conception of education a true one? Ask the man of the market place what the college is for, and his idea is more than likely that it stands for things far off from his life, for foreign language and high mathematics and recondite science. Ask any one of those who are coming up to college what he expects to get there, and his mind is filled with vague ideas of branches of study, which will change him somehow or other into that unknown quantity to which he refers as an educated man. He looks forward to a diploma, which shall stand for more or less information in the various studies of the college course.

Is that the true notion of education? Shall our youth be led to believe that it is for such results the country is taxing itself and men are opening their purses and parents are spending

their lives? The student who merely swells his mind with accumulations of knowledge is as far from maturity as the child with enlarged head is far from the developed man. Surely education is not so separate from life.

What, then, is the true meaning of education? Such a question is too deep to be answered at a stroke of the pen, but we may at least get in the way to an answer by clearing our minds of what education is not. First of all, it is not learning. No knowledge of anything or number of things, however thorough and minute, can ever in itself be education; as no heap of earth, though piled mountain-high, can ever become a tree. Education is not acquisition. It is not a possession which is carried about as one carries his apparel. It is not what we learn in books. It is not what we learn in the task. Do we send our children to school simply, or even primarily, to learn the three R's? How little of life is spent with pen or book in hand! Are the influences and benefits of school days to be restricted to that little fraction of life, and do they play no part in the great hours upon the street and in companionship and in solitude?

No, no; learning is one thing, education is another, dependent upon each other though they be. What we get in our books and in our tasks is learning; what we get through them is education. We may forget our learning. What man is there in the whirling stream of life who has not forgotten the foreign language and higher mathematics of college days? These are excellent means to education, and are not to be lightly esteemed, as gymnastic exercise is an excellent means to bodily vigor. But it is strength of body, and not gymnastic drill, which serves the man in every circumstance of life. There is many a place where a knowledge of foreign language or science or higher mathematics is of so little use that the man forgets all he knew of them. But the strength of purpose and the larger view and the finer feeling which may come, and sometimes come only, through the study of these things play their part in every contingency of the life which has them. The learning of the college course will lead to education if followed aright. We climb upward, not to get nearer the stars, but to see more of earth.

Education includes, to be sure, the strength-

ening of memory as one of its first essentials—every factory must have its storeroom—but it means, too, the quickening of imagination and the sharpening of thought. It means larger understanding of the life about us, larger interests, larger sympathies. It means the broadening of the highways of sense and sentiment that lead from us to the world, so that we shall see more and hear more and feel more wherever we are. Education is life measured in terms of capacity and power. In the words of Bishop Huntington to teachers: “You want to rear men fit and ready for all spots and crises, prompt and busy in affairs, gentle among little children, self-reliant in danger, genial in company, sharp in a jury box, tenacious at a town meeting, unseducible in a crowd, tender at a sick bed, not likely to jump into the first boat at a shipwreck, affectionate and respectful at home, obliging in a traveling party, shrewd and just in the market, reverent and punctual at the church, brave in action, patient in suffering, believing and cheerful everywhere, perfect in spirit, seeing the Lord. This is the manhood that our age and country are asking of its educators—well-built and vital, manifold and har-

monious, full of wisdom, full of energy, full of faith."

Whatever falls short of that attainment falls short of education. Whatever helps toward that goal, whether it come at books or at the plow-tail, is a means to education. Knowledge is simply food, and the only possible advantage which the school can have over the farm or factory is the advantage of more nutritious food, better prepared and served with more regularity and judgment. But the food must lose its identity by assimilation before it can become education. The man's education, therefore, like the development of his body, depends upon two things: the kind of food and the power of assimilation. So it happens sometimes that the boy who comes home with a diploma is less educated than the boy who has remained at the plow, and the child upon whom the care and hopes of the home were lavished is outstripped in the long race of life by the child of little promise. There is no peculiar virtue in any course of study which will inevitably make the knowledge of that course education. The virtue must be in the man.

No school can guarantee to every one of its students an education. There will always be weaklings, to whom no prescribed course of food can give strength.

And yet our youth are amply justified in giving up the plow and the shop for the school. The young man, forsaking a work planned for the making of money, finds here a work planned for the making of men. Centuries of experiment have selected certain fields of knowledge as furnishing highly nutritious food. The student feeds day after day in these various fields, gathering facts and formulæ, song and story. If he have temperate habits and the power of assimilation, he will feel ere long a new strength rising within him, and giving as it rises a widening reach to all his faculties, sustaining and inspiring him in his daily work, opening ever new discoveries in the erst prosaic task, revealing unsuspected significance in his studies and the world about him.

In the possession of this new strength and vision, he will see, through the symbolic figures and formulæ of mathematics, the changeless principles of the physical world for which they stand—the living forces that govern the star

and the falling stone, and form the straight-edge for material truth. He will feel something of that fine frenzy which possessed the staid old scientist, Sir Isaac Newton, when, after months of toil with formulæ, he was so overcome by the light of celestial truth which shone through the figures that he had to yield all further calculation to other hands.

To such a student, laboring in the fields of science, the work will be no longer a matter of mere symbols and retorts and test tubes; for by these means the laws of the laboratory will have been resolved for him into the principles that flow through every material thing. Through them he will see into the remotest confines of the universe, beholding how the laws that govern his passing experiment operate in the atmosphere of the sun and in the fire of the farthest fixed stars, learning through the erstwhile tedious study the awe-inspiring truth that he cannot dip into the most commonplace things about him without dealing with universal principles.

Passing through the pages of history, such a man will find the new light fall upon the once cold facts and dates, fusing them by its dis-

solving power into a throbbing record of human life, whose latest pulsations he feels round about him and within him. Turning the classic page, it is no longer Latin and Greek he sees, but the Latins and the Greeks. Behind the printed page he has discovered these ancient peoples, with their loves and passions and all the influences that entered into their wealth of life. He becomes for the time a citizen of those far-off ages. He is swayed by Cicero's burning eloquence; he walks with Horace or Virgil through Elysian fields of poesy; he falls into the triumphal entry of the returning conqueror as it sweeps into the Eternal City. For the while he is a Roman, swayed by all that moved a Roman heart. Or if it be a page from classic Hellas before him, he is no longer a citizen of the new century, but a Greek of the olden time, listening to the murmuring reeds of unseen Pan while Fauns and Satyrs frisk among the trees, watching Diana and her nymphs sweep in the storm of chase across the cloud-flecked sky of night, fighting with Achilles before the walls of Troy, or shouting with the Athenians under Demosthenes's words, "Let us fight Philip."

Thus new worlds in time and space may be

opened to the student through his college course. These are the things which should come through books, and without which in some appreciable degree the student may not be content—the larger vision, the finer feeling; the freedom of the kingdom of the natural world, the citizenship of all ages and all peoples. If he bring back from these fields a larger understanding and a broader sympathy with the life about him, they have been his education. Only as deep answers unto deep, the life within to the life without, can he justly claim that the way of the tree of knowledge has been to him the way of the tree of life.

The man who wins from his labors, in school or in shop or field, the groundwork of regularity and perseverance and thoroughness in the performance of every duty, and who adds to these acquirements larger interests and higher aspirations and finer sentiments, deeper sympathies and broader tolerance, that man may count himself as having made no mean progress on the road of education.

And these things cannot be forgotten. The steps by which he accomplished the attainment may grow dim with the lapse of time, as

the way on the mountain side fades into the haze of distance beneath the climber, but the attainment is a part of himself. Diligence, perseverance, understanding, tolerance, aspiration, sentiments, sympathies—these things cannot be forgotten, for they are not held in the uncertain fold of memory, but are bone and blood of the man. They are vital forces in every act of life. The boy may count his apples to see if any of them are lost; he never counts his fingers. Not what a man may remember, but what he cannot forget, constitutes education.

All education is unconscious attainment. We cannot by taking thought add one cubit to our stature. The mysterious processes by which food becomes physical life and knowledge is transformed into intellectual life are beyond our control. We can only set the causes in operation and leave the result to be wrought out. We cannot get education by directly striving after it, nor can we get it by congested effort. The man who hopes to get education by cramming into one week what ought to be spread over several months is as unwise as the man who would eat a week's

rations at a sitting, expecting to be strengthened proportionately. Education, like physical strength, comes to us unwittingly as we go about our daily tasks. And it comes to us slowly. The processes which change conscious acquisition into unconscious attainment are so deliberate that our knowledge always far out-runs our education in every field. What shadowy horizons we carry about with us daily, horizons of knowledge that shall some day be education, when they have become a part of ourselves.

Everywhere in life the process is going on—what men know becoming what they are. In the home, in business, in society, in the broad relationships of life, the change is secretly taking place. We know more politeness than we manifest in the forgetfulness of the social hour. The merchant knows more honesty than he practices in the absorbing moment of the sale. We could be more tender than we are in the unexpected turns of home life. When we shall have become instinctively upright and thoughtful, it will be impossible any more to forget. The consummation of all knowledge is unconscious attainment. The ideal man is not he

who, in the conscious presence of the law or custom, fulfills its requirements, but he who fulfills them unconsciously because they are written in his heart.

Unconscious attainment, the realization of one's self, is the goal of life, and toward that end all else must serve. The hours of toil and the hours of rest, the days of drudgery and the days of delight, the seasons of society and the seasons of solitude—all must make ultimately for the enriching of the life into which they fall. Their measure must finally be in terms of the man. They pass, but he remains. Men are the supreme product of the world.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone,
seize to-day!"

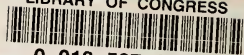
Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

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